

MAY • 1941

# Shadow

## COMICS

10¢



THE SHADOW FIGHTS HOANG HU, THE DREADED  
LEADER OF THE ORIENT ..... 26 PAGES

**NEW!**

★ ★ ★ ★  
**THE DEAD END KIDS**

IN A HILARIOUS ADVENTURE





# THE EDITOR'S PAGE

## *In this Issue*

### **THE SHADOW MATCHES WITS WITH HOANG HU**

In the hold of a Chinese junk, The Shadow finds a mysterious idol known as the "Fate Joss." The Shadow eludes a horde of Chinese who are attempting to guard the idol. On deck he is trapped by a mob from Frisco, but he escapes after learning that the mighty "Fate Joss" has been smuggled from the Temple Jhol and it means great power to its new owner, Hoang Hu. From then on starts one of the greatest adventures of The Shadow, and it's all pictured in this 28-page book-length picture novel.

### **DEAD END KIDS**

In a hilarious adventure they trap foreign sabotage agents. This is a new feature that we have gotten right from Hollywood. Let us know how you like it.

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Once again the cloak of dark mystery falls over the frightened people threatening even the mighty Hooded Wasp and his famed protégé, Jim Martin.

### **FRANK REED'S IRON GHOST**

A superhuman man, made of the hardest metal known, and powered by atomic force, defeats a ruthless dictator.

### **GREASE JOB**

An exciting mystery story that has a most unusual and thrilling conclusion.

#### **NEXT ISSUE**

**JULY**

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APRIL 30, 1941

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THE

# Shadow

*matches wits with*

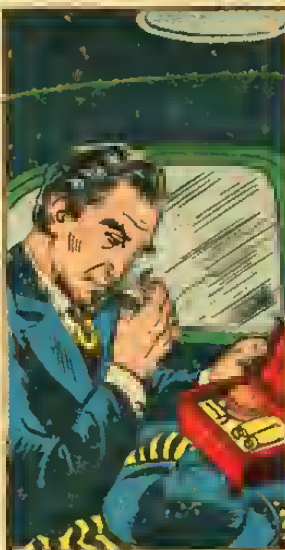
## HOANG MU





# THE SHADOW VERSUS HOANG HU-







SEARCHING  
THE HOLD  
OF THE  
CHINESE  
JUNK,  
"YANGTZE"  
THE SHADOW  
FINDS THE  
CARGO THAT  
BRIG  
BENBO  
AWAITS ON  
A BEACH  
SOUTH OF  
FRISCO

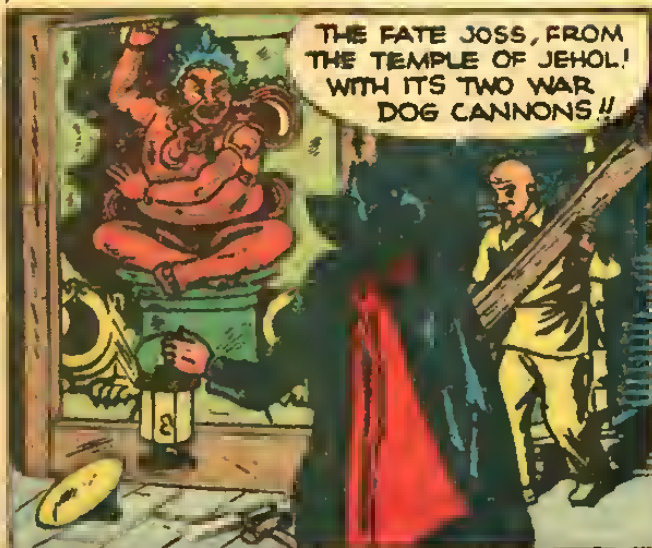


YING  
KO!

YES, I AM YING KO, THE  
SHADOW. GET BUSY,  
WANG AND OPEN UP  
THAT CRATE.



THE FATE JOSS, FROM  
THE TEMPLE OF JEHOI!  
WITH ITS TWO WAR  
DOG CANNONS!!



SPEAK, WANG!  
WHO IS TO  
RECEIVE  
THE JOSS?

HIM GO TO HOANG  
HU, IN FRISCO..  
NO, NO! ME NO  
SPEAKEE..



YOU FOOL, WANG!  
YOU GAVE ME  
AWAY---



YING KO!  
HIM FINDEE  
JOSS!





YING KO -- THE  
SHADOW! HE'S  
BELOW. GO  
GET HIM!

DEATH TO  
YING KO!

VERNON V.  
GREENE

IN THE  
HOLD OF  
THE JUNK  
"YANGTZE",  
THE  
SHADOW IS  
THREATENED  
BY SURE  
DEATH  
FROM A  
DOZEN  
KNIVES -  
WHEN THE  
SHIP GIVES  
A VIOLENT  
LURCH.



YING KO!  
DEATH TO  
YING KO---

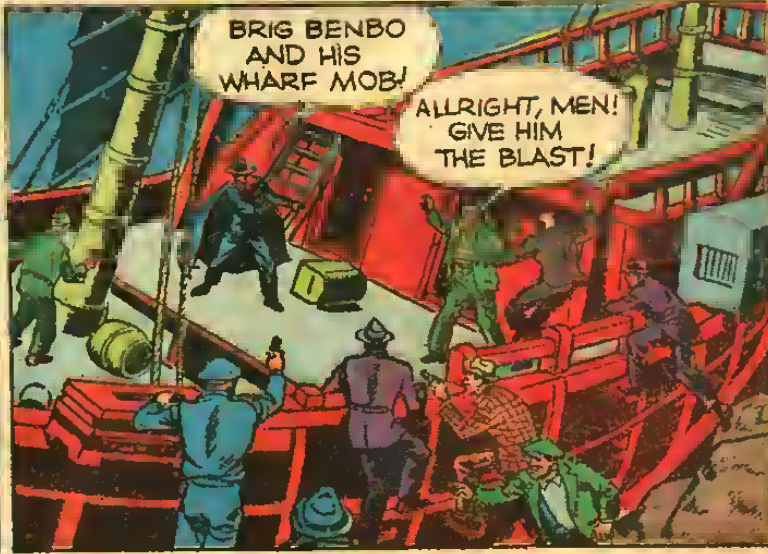
WE'VE BEEN  
BEACHED!

???



A MOVE THIS  
WAY MEANS  
DEATH - FROM  
YING KO!

TAKE A LOOK  
THIS WAY,  
SHADOW!

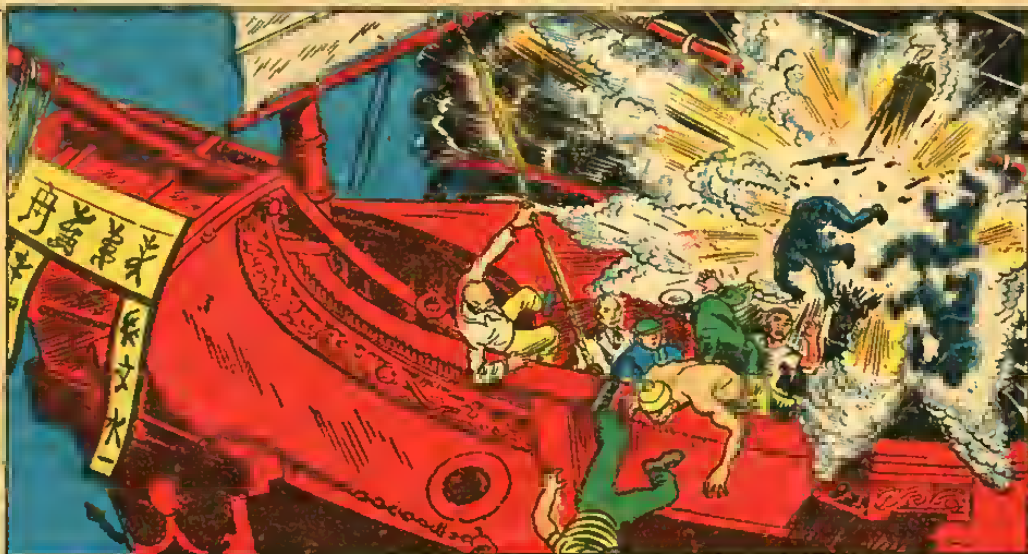


BRIG BENBO  
AND HIS  
WHARF MOB!

ALLRIGHT, MEN!  
GIVE HIM  
THE BLAST!

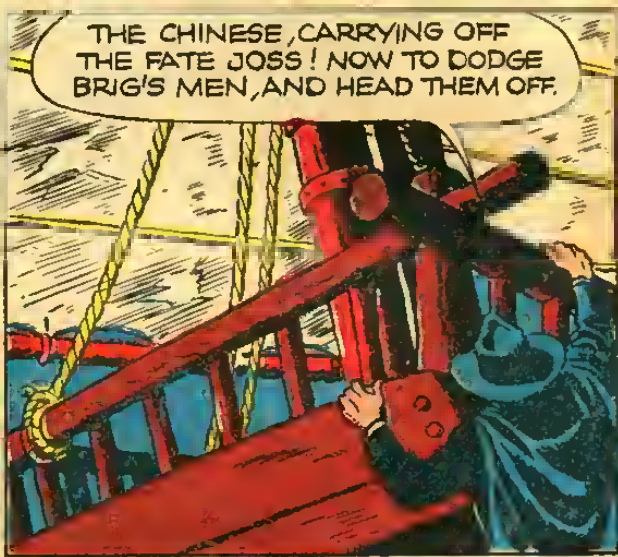


IN THE HOLD OF A CHINESE JUNK, THE "SHADOW" FINDS A MYSTERIOUS IDOL "THE FATE JOSS". AS THE SHIP BEACHES, HE ELUDES A HORDE OF CHINESE. ON DECK HE IS TRAPPED BY A MOB FROM FRISCO, WHEN-



LOOK, BRIG! A REVENUE CUTTER. IT FIRED THAT SHOT--

AND THE SHADOW DIVED OFF THE OTHER SIDE-- WE'LL COVER WHEN THE CHINESE COME ASHORE!



THE CHINESE, CARRYING OFF THE FATE JOSS! NOW TO DODGE BRIG'S MEN, AND HEAD THEM OFF.



HEADING FOR FRISCO WITH THE FATE JOSS! THIS IS THE TIME TO STOP THEM!



READY TO START SHOOTING BRIG?

NOT YET. WE WANT TO WIPE OUT THOSE REVVIES!

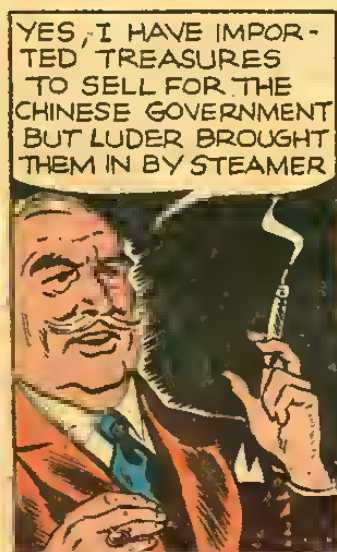




THE MIGHTY FATE JOSS, SMUGGLED FROM THE TEMPLE OF JEHOI, MEANS POWER TO ITS NEW OWNER, HOANG HU.

THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!



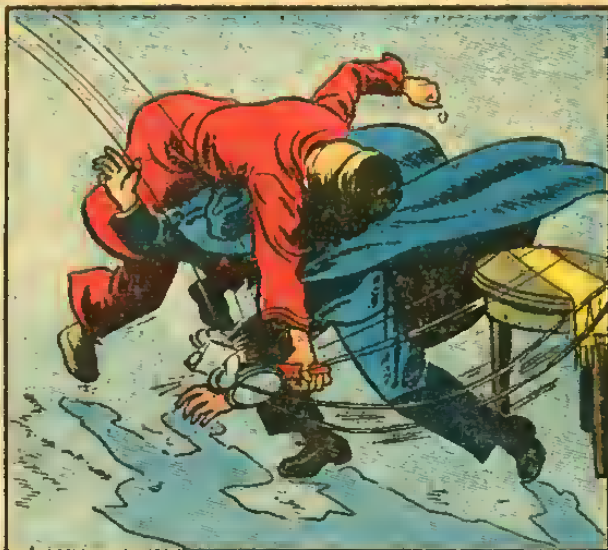








A SHADOW WARNS THE SHADOW !!!



BUT THE HATCHET MAN  
BOUNCES BACK LIKE A  
RUBBER BALL----



AND CATCHES THE SHADOW  
RIGHT AT THE WINDOW ---



A LEDGE, ONE FLOOR BELOW--







ODD  
TWO CARS  
FOR ONE  
HATCHET  
MAN--



ODD, TOO, THIS  
TOKEN THAT HE  
DROPPED--



THE TELEPHONE. PERHAPS  
ANOTHER TRICK CALL  
FROM HOANG HU!

CLICK  
CLICK

CRANSTON SPEAKING--  
WHY HELLO, VENBY--  
YOU'RE WORRIED  
ABOUT ME? EVERY-  
THING IS QUIET HERE  
SEE YOU TOMORROW.

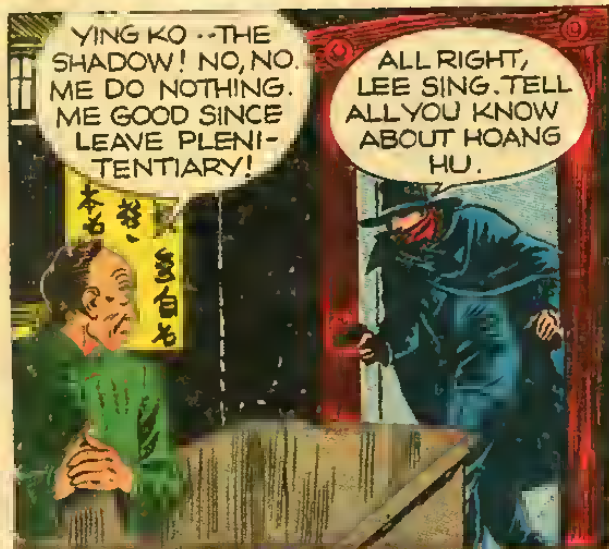


CHINATOWN

O.K.



HE HANDS ME  
THIS, AND VANISHES-  
LIKE A SHADOW!  
WHO--WHAT--  
WHERE--?



YING KO --THE  
SHADOW! NO, NO,  
ME DO NOTHING.  
ME GOOD SINCE  
LEAVE PLENI-  
TENTIARY!

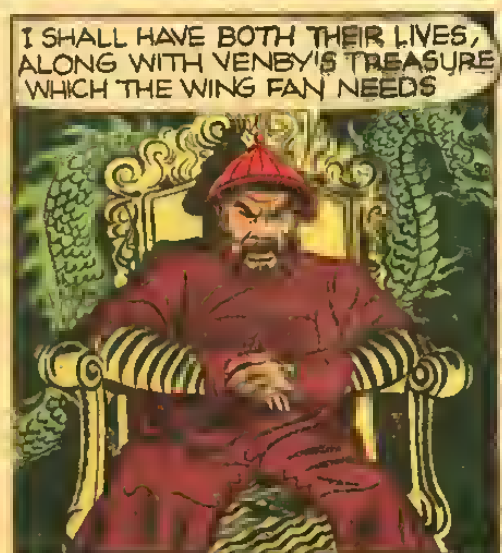
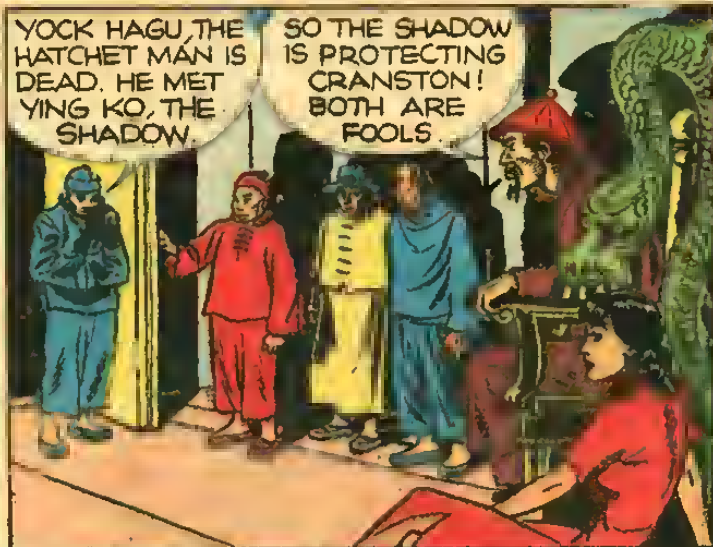
ALL RIGHT,  
LEE SING. TELL  
ALL YOU KNOW  
ABOUT HOANG  
HU.

HOANG HU BRAG HE OWN  
FATE JOSS, MAKE HIM HEAD-  
OF POWERFUL SOCIETY,  
WING FAN. MEBBE YOU  
FIND HOANG HU AT LOO  
LOON TEA SHOP.

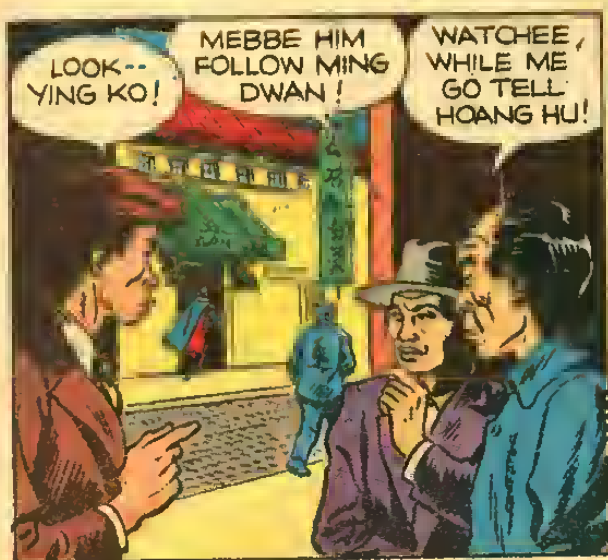


OWNER  
OF THE  
FATE JOSS,  
HOANG HU  
RULES THE  
WING FAN  
HE SEEKS  
THE LIFE OF  
LAMONT  
CRANSTON,  
WHO--  
AS THE  
SHADOW-  
IS SEEKING  
HOANG  
HU!!!



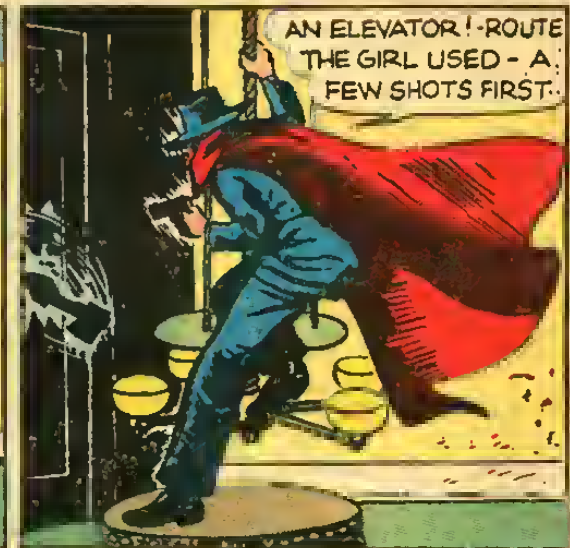




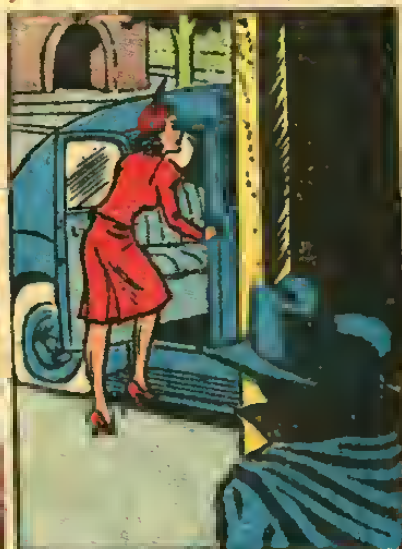




IN SAN FRANCISCO  
TRAILING THE  
CHINESE GIRL,  
MING DWAN,  
THE SHADOW IS  
TRAPPED IN THE  
BACK ROOM OF  
A CHINATOWN  
SHOP, BY HOANG  
HU, KEEPER OF  
THE FATE JOSS  
AND DREAD  
LEADER OF THE  
NOTORIOUS  
WING FAN!!!





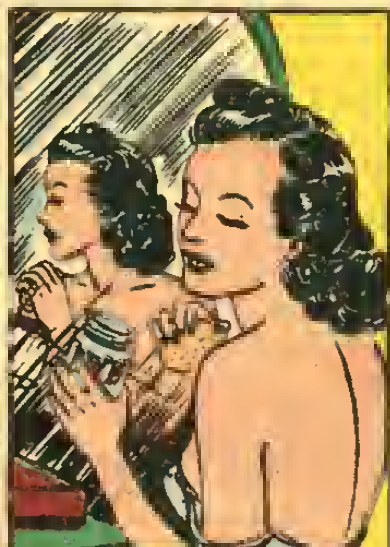




WHILE THE SHADOW IS LEAVING  
VENBY'S-MYRA RELDON RUSHES  
TO HER APARTMENT--



.. I MUST HURRY!



IN CHINATOWN, THE SHADOW  
KEEPS WATCH NEAR  
LOO LOON'S TEA SHOP.



CHEST'S-  
FULL OF  
TEA



ONLY TRAYS  
OF TEA!







YING KO,  
THE  
SHADOW!



DEATH TO YING KO!  
HOANG HU ORDERS IT!

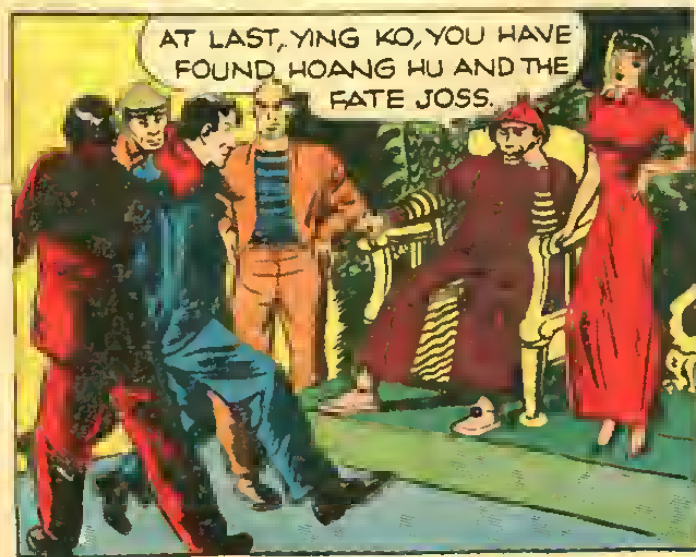
COME, YAT TUNG!  
GIVE DEATH TO  
YING KO!



NOT YET, YAT TUNG!  
LET HOANG HU  
GIVE DEATH TO YING KO!



HOANG HU WILL CHOOSE  
A BITTER DEATH FOR  
YOU, YING KO!



AT LAST, YING KO, YOU HAVE  
FOUND HOANG HU AND THE  
FATE JOSS.



WHEN THE LAST  
GRAIN DROPS, SO  
WILL THE BLADE,  
A BLADE SHARP  
ENOUGH FOR  
A SHADOW!



WHILE THE HOUR GLASS TRICKLES AWAY THE REMAINING MOMENTS OF THE SHADOW'S LIFE, MING DWAN (OTHERWISE MYRA RELDON) OFFERS A SUGGESTION TO HOANG HU

YOU THINK YING KO KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT VENBY'S TREASURE? I SHALL ASK HIM!



I KNOW NOTHING.

YOU KNOW NOTHING? BAH! I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE CRANSTON, WHO WANTS TO BUY THE TREASURE THAT I SHALL WREST FROM VENBY.



VERY WELL. I AM CRANSTON, AND MY DEATH WILL WARN VENBY TO KEEP HIS TREASURES GUARDED!



RELEASE YING KO! THE FATE JOSS HAS DECREED THAT HE SHALL LIVE A WHILE!

WHAT NEXT FOR YING KO, THE SHADOW?



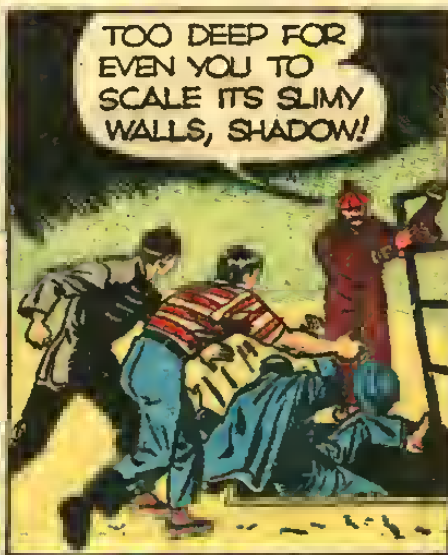
WRITE VENBY, SHADOW! TELL HIM TO DELIVER THE TREASURES. IT IS YOUR PRICE FOR LIFE!



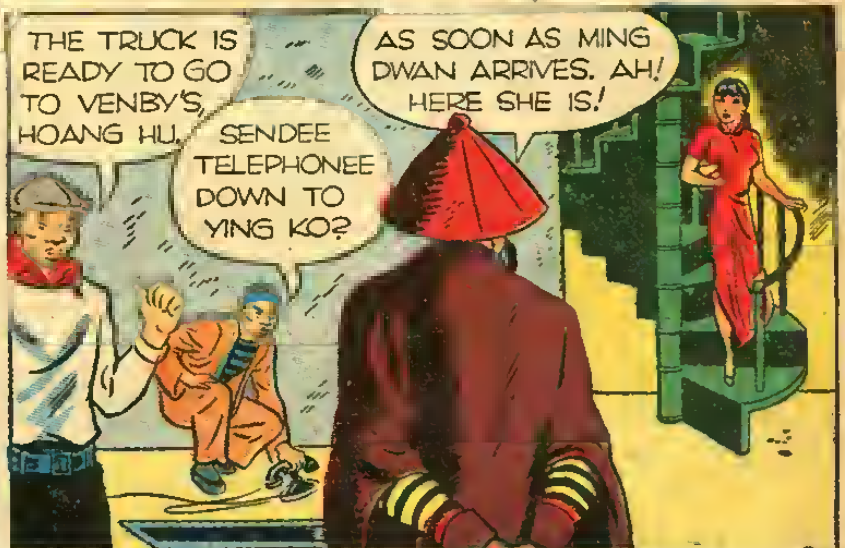
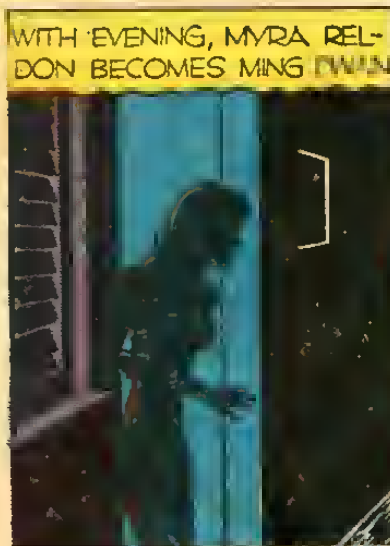
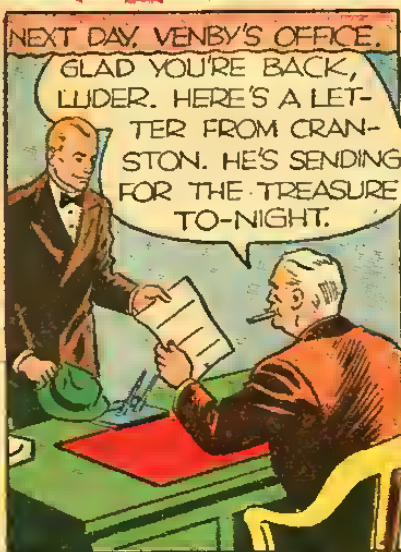
TAKE YING KO TO THE BLACK PIT!



TOO DEEP FOR EVEN YOU TO SCALE ITS SLIMY WALLS, SHADOW!











GREETINGS,  
YING KO!



PHONE  
VENBY AND  
ASSURE HIM  
ALL IS WELL.  
SPEAK AS  
CRANSTON.



HELLO-VENBY?  
OF COURSE THIS  
IS CRANSTON....  
YES, SHIP ALL THE  
TREASURE....  
GOOD-BYE...



YING KO HAS SERVED OUR  
PURPOSE. A STRAIGHT  
THROW DOWN THE PIT  
WILL FIND HIS SKULL....



IF THIS CORD  
ONLY HOLDS!

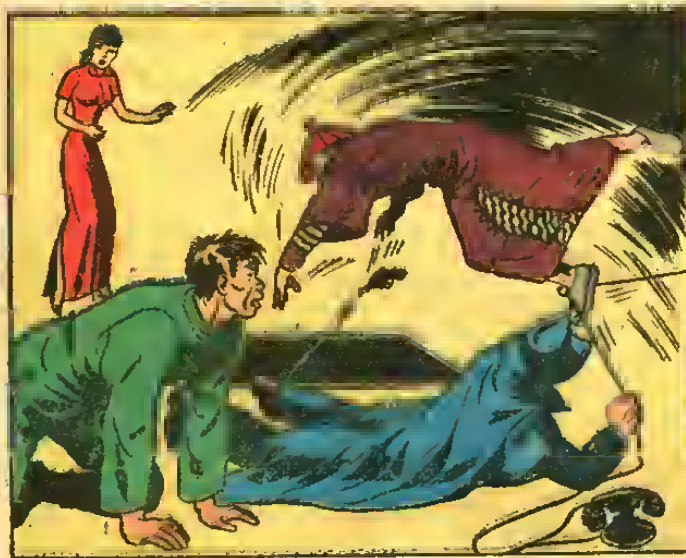


LOOK, HOANG  
HU! YING KO...  
HIM SMASHEE  
LOCK!



USE THE  
HATCHET  
SWIFTLY,  
YAT TUNG!





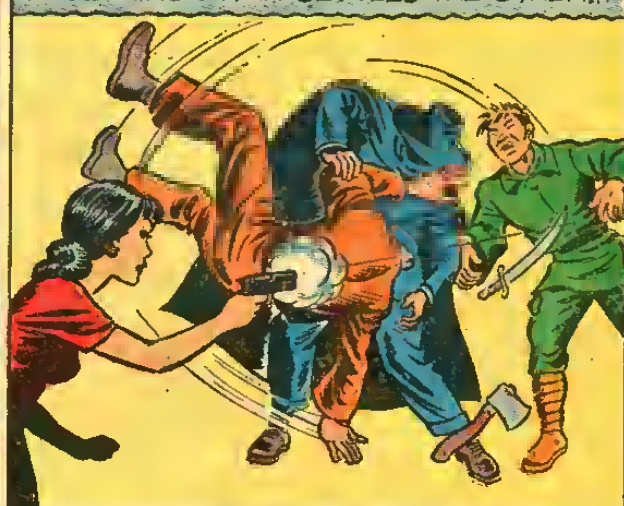


IN THE CHINATOWN LAIR OF HOANG HU, THE SHADOW IS TRAPPED BY MING DWAN AND TWO OTHERS OF THE WING FAN. ALL ARMED! HIMSELF UNARMED, THE SHADOW CAN COMBAT ONLY ONE.

THE SHADOW TAKES THE HATCHET MAN---



WHILE MING DWAN SETTLES THE OTHER!!!



TAKE THIS GUN, YING KO, WATCH FOR OTHERS WHILE I LEAD THE WAY.

VERY WELL, MISS RELDON.



HOW DID YOU GUESS THAT I WAS MYRA RELDON?

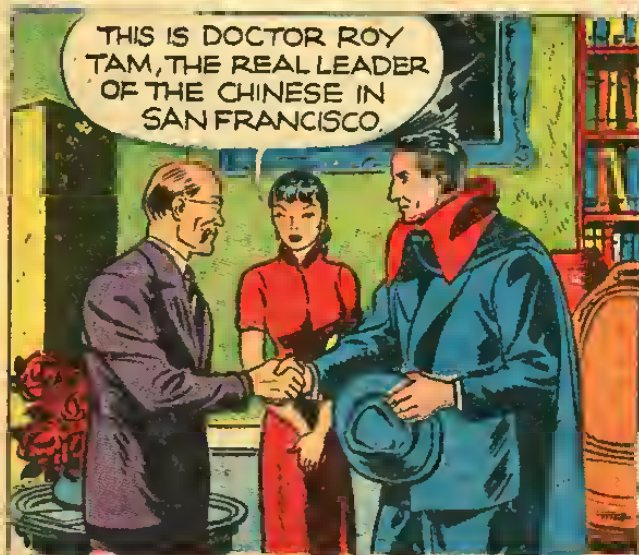
I SAW YOU SPYING ON VENBY, AND LINKED YOU WITH THE WING FAN.



BUT I WAS SPYING ON HOANG HU, TOO. COME YOU WILL LEARN THE REASON.



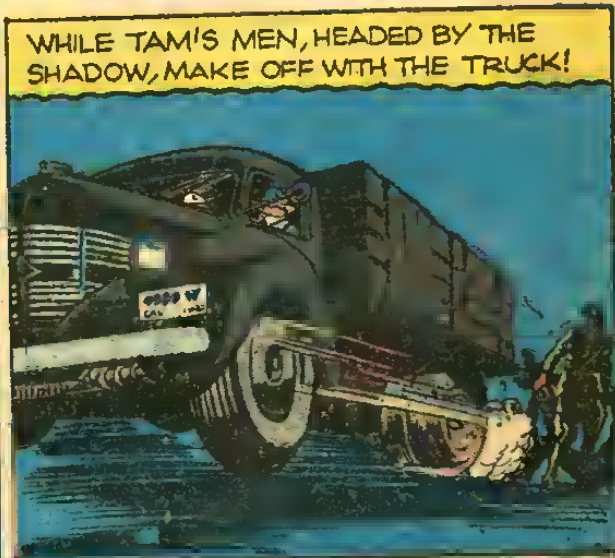
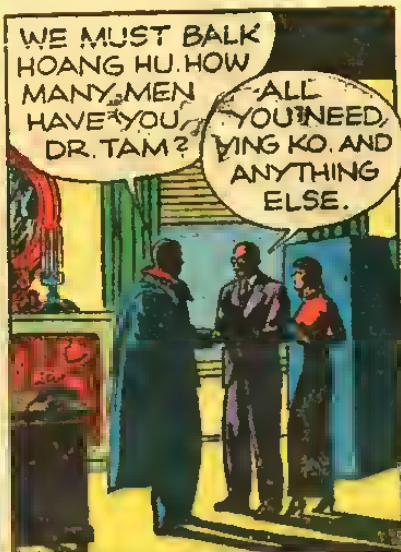
THIS IS DOCTOR ROY TAM, THE REAL LEADER OF THE CHINESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.



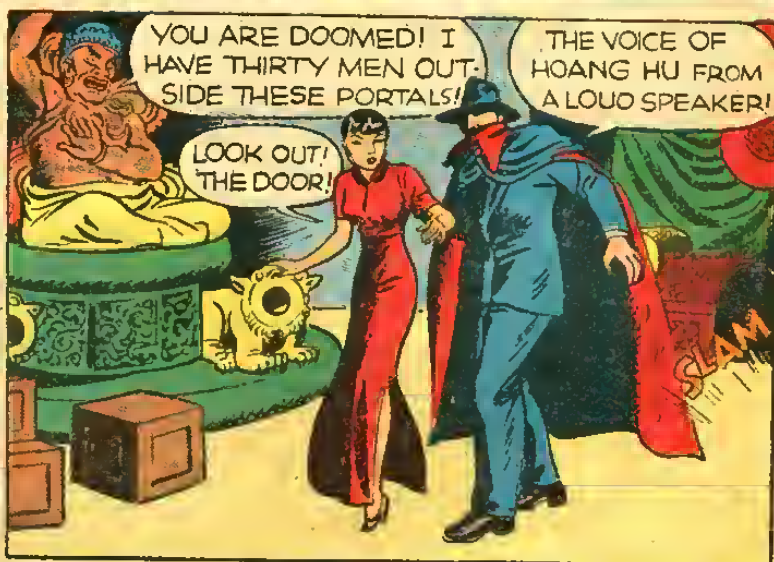
IMAGINE IT, MYRA! CRANSTON, THE MAN YOU PHONED ME TO PROTECT IS THE SHADOW!

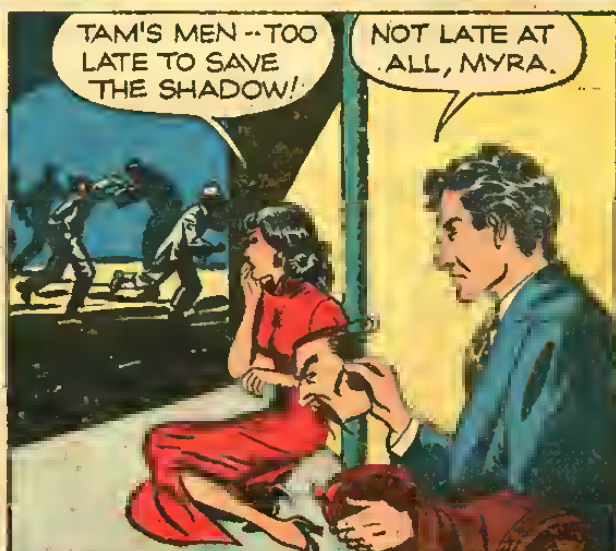














# THE DEAD END KIDS

DEAD  
END

BY  
WAIN SUTTON  
AND  
LAFE THOMAS

GANGWAY!

?

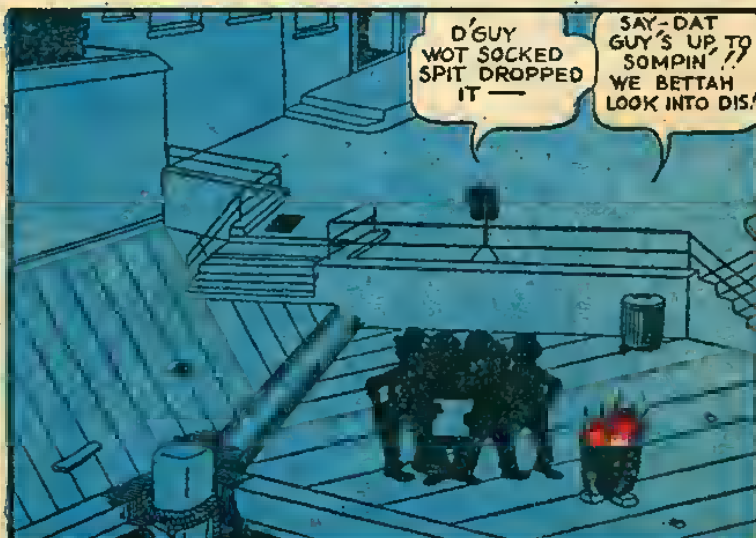
WUMP!

YOU FOOL!—DO  
YOU WAN' TO BREK  
MY NECK!?!

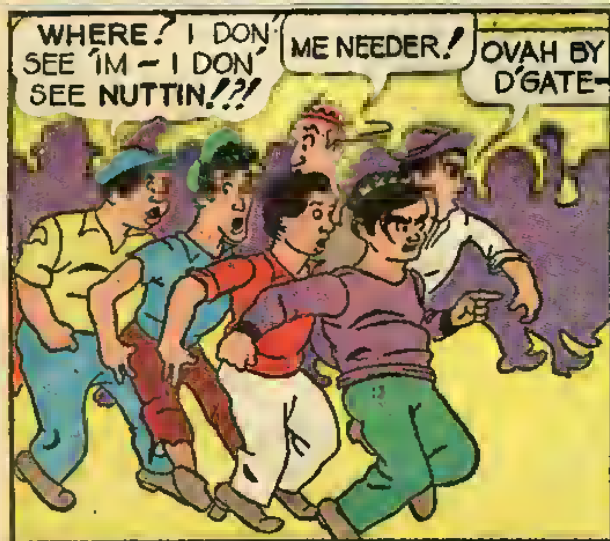
—AW-QUIT YAH  
CRYIN'— YOU  
AIN'T HOIT—

WOT HIT ME?

—IMPUDENT YOUNG  
HOODLUM! CARAMBA!







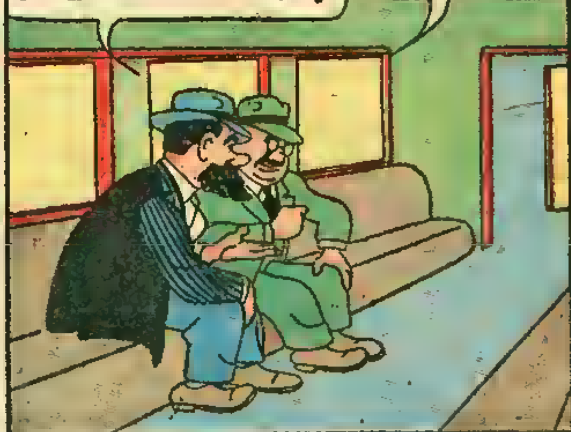
DEY TOOK D'FOIST' CAR, FALLAHS - SO  
LE'S TAKE D'SECON'!



**CAREFUL, KIDS!** THIS ISN'T  
A MOVIE, YOU KNOW -

PERHAPS ZIS IS  
ZEE NIGHT FOR  
WHICH WE 'AVE  
BEEN WAITING-NO?

**YOU FOOL!**  
DO NOT BE SO  
IMPATIENT!



*AFTER  
LEAVING THE  
SUBWAY THE TWO  
FOREIGNERS,  
FOLLOWED BY  
THE KIDS, GO  
TO A DESERTED  
TENEMENT  
BUILDING - -  
BUT BEFORE  
ENTERING, "LOOKS AROUND  
FURTIVELY: - -*

**WAIT!** ZEE CHIEF  
SAY TO MAKE  
SURE WE ARE NOT  
FOLLOW!

**QUEEK!** I  
SEE LIGHT  
WHICH MEAN  
ZAT MEETING  
'AVE BEGUN!



DEY WENT  
DOWN 'ERE-

WELL - WOT'RE  
WE WAITING  
FOR?



BOY, DIS  
IS DARK -  
AIN'T IT?

-WUNDA WHEAH  
DEY WENT,?

QUIT  
Y'SHOVIN'!

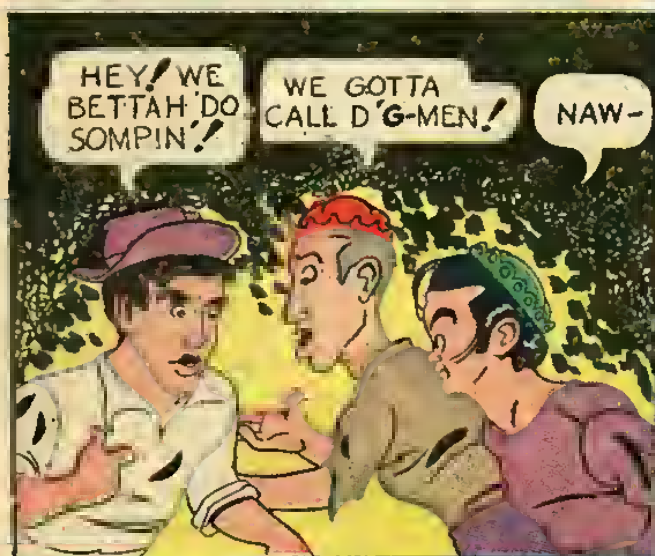
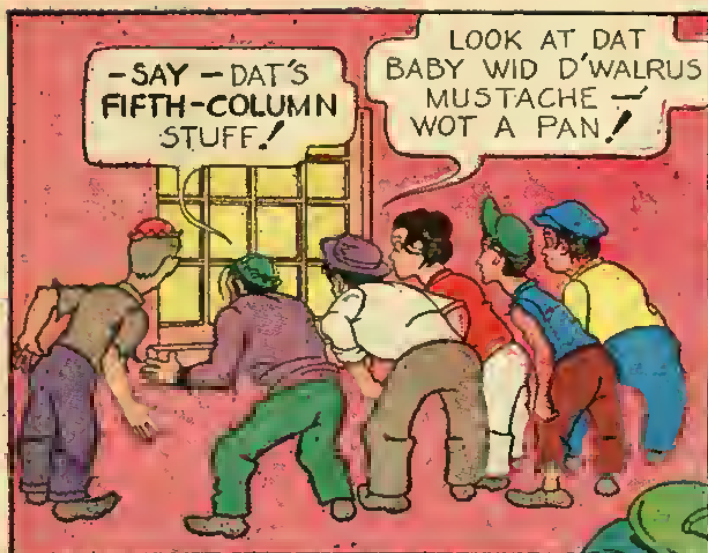
AW, SHAT AP!

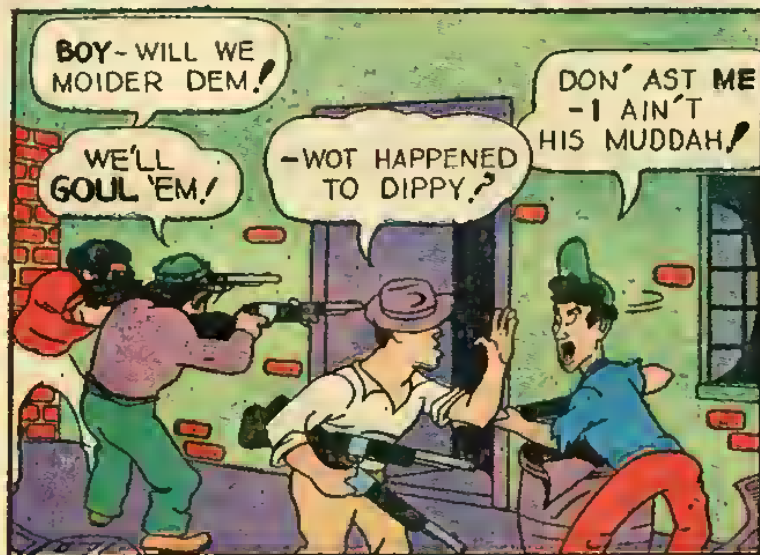
NUTS TA YEW!

PSST! C'MERE!











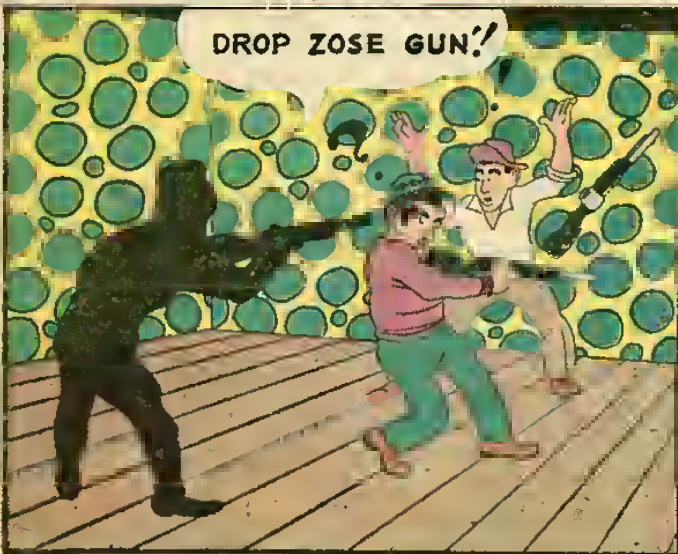
THOUGHT YAH COULD GIT  
AWAY WITH FIFTH-COLUMN  
STUFF, EH? NOT IN D'GOOD  
OLE U.S.A.!



AX-HA! NOW ZE TABLE  
ARE TURN'!



DROP ZOSE GUN!



STAN' ZEM TO ZEE WALL -

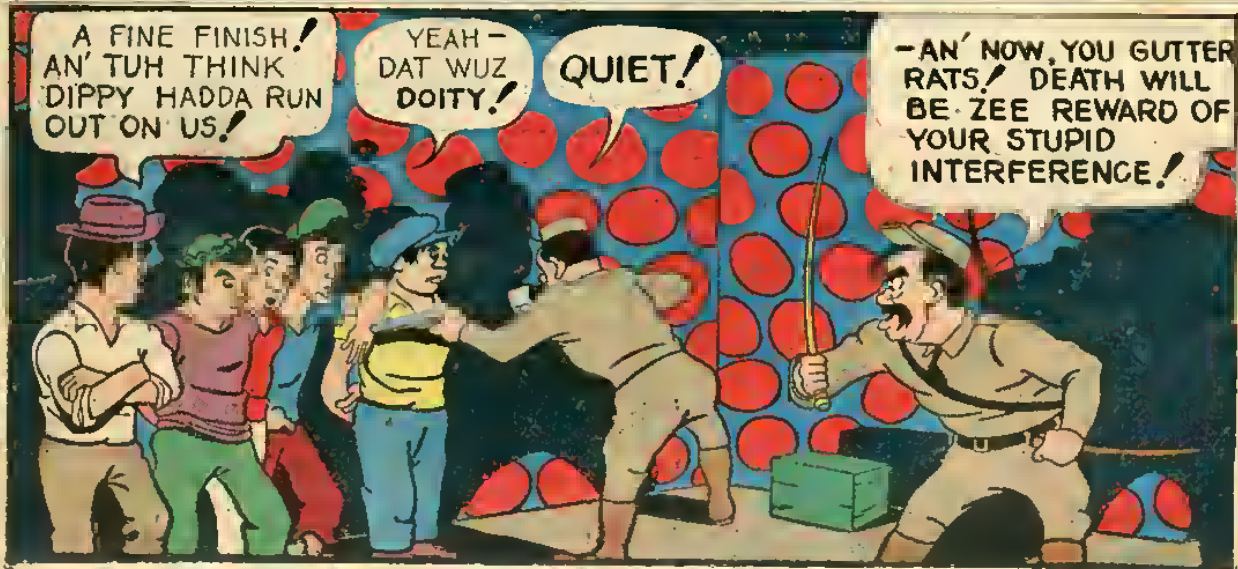


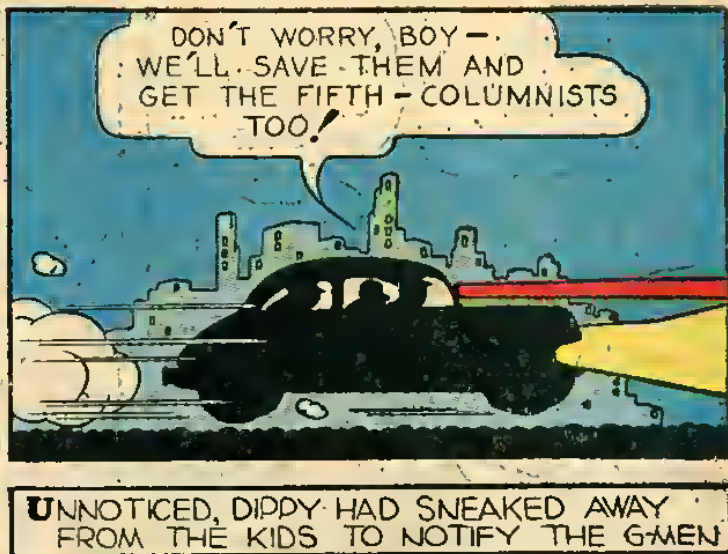
A FINE FINISH!  
AN' TUH THINK  
DIPPY HADDA RUN  
OUT ON US!

YEAH -  
DAT WUZ  
DOITY!

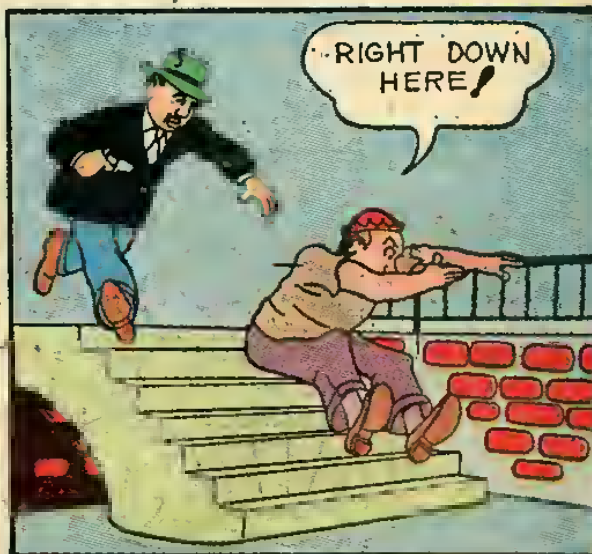
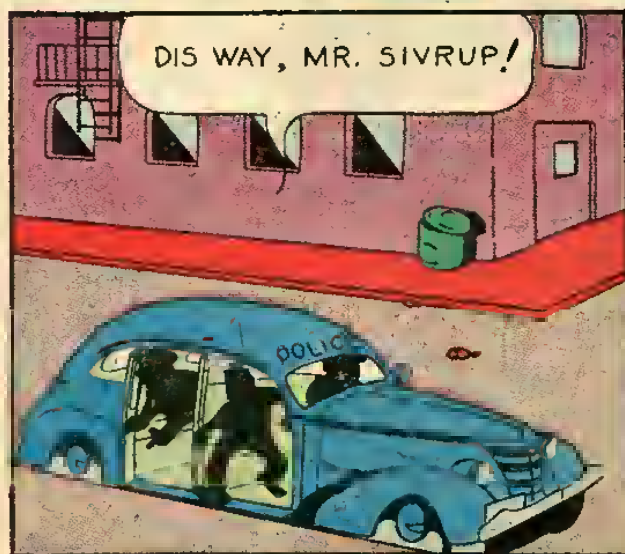
QUIET!

-AN' NOW, YOU GUTTER  
RATS! DEATH WILL  
BE ZEE REWARD OF  
YOUR STUPID  
INTERFERENCE!

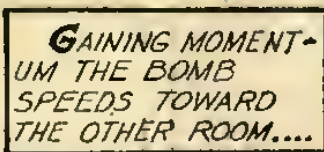
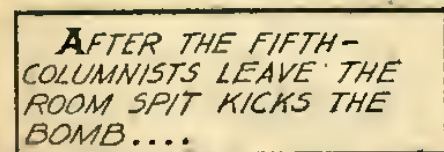
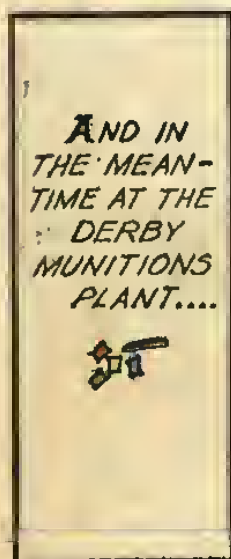
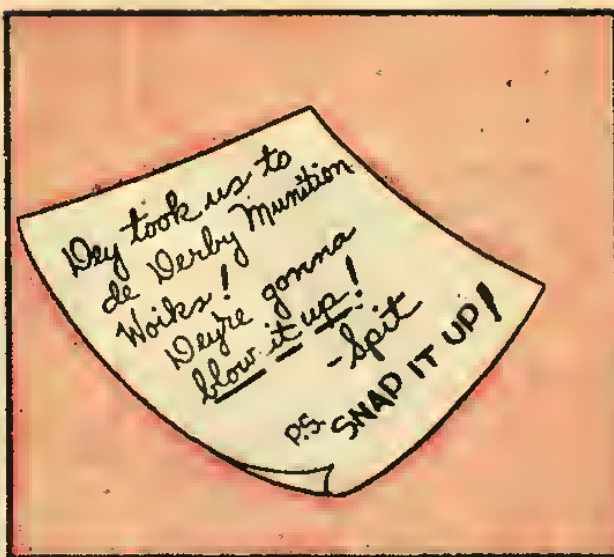
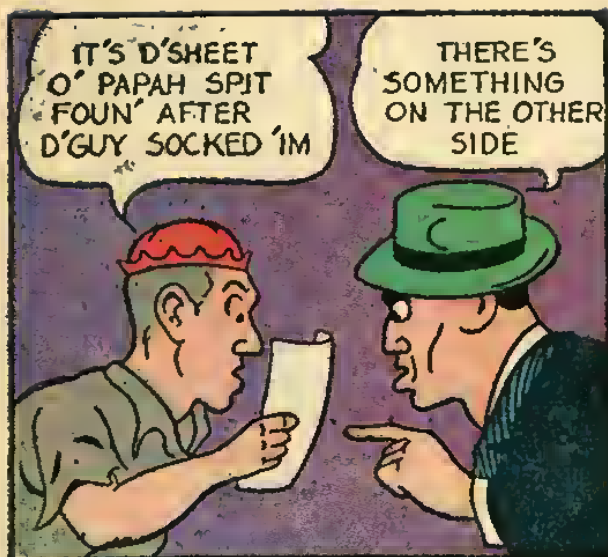




UNNOTICED, DIPPY HAD SNEAKED AWAY  
FROM THE KIDS TO NOTIFY THE G-MEN









THEY'RE  
ALL SAFE!

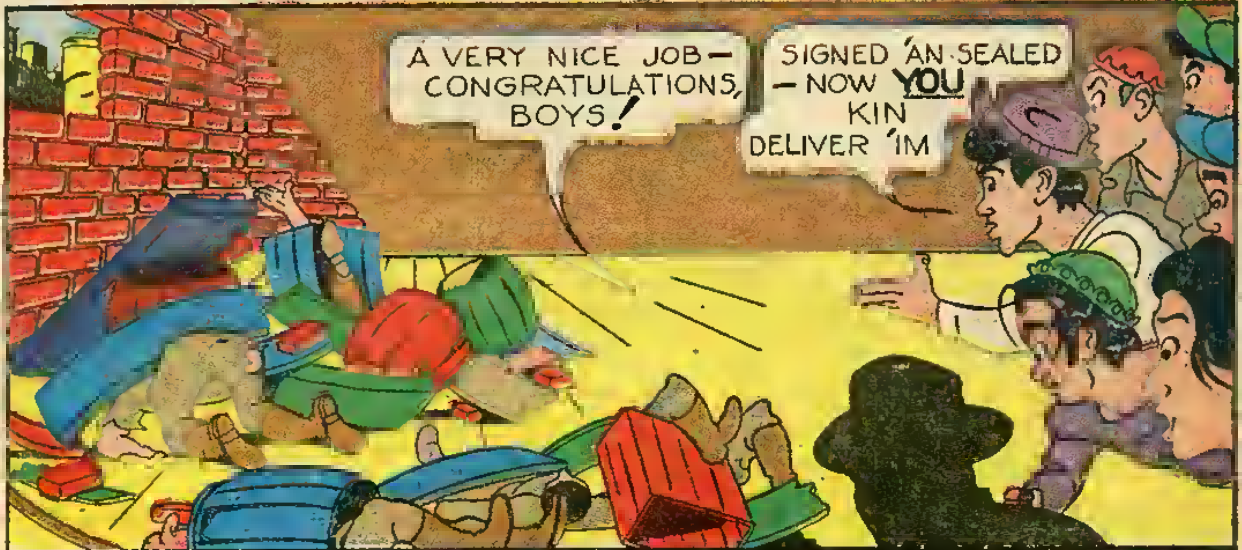
GEE, FELLAHS  
-WE WUZ WORRIED

AW-W-W- WE  
KIN TAKE CARE  
OF ARESELVES-



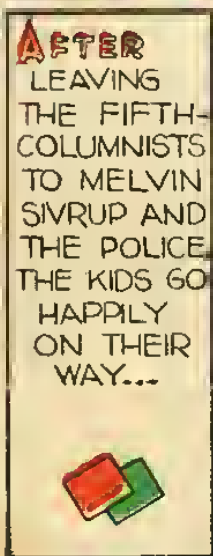
SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO  
CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION OUT  
THERE - WANT TO SEE  
WHAT YOU DID WITH IT?

WOTEVAH IT DID -  
I BET IT WUZ GOOD!

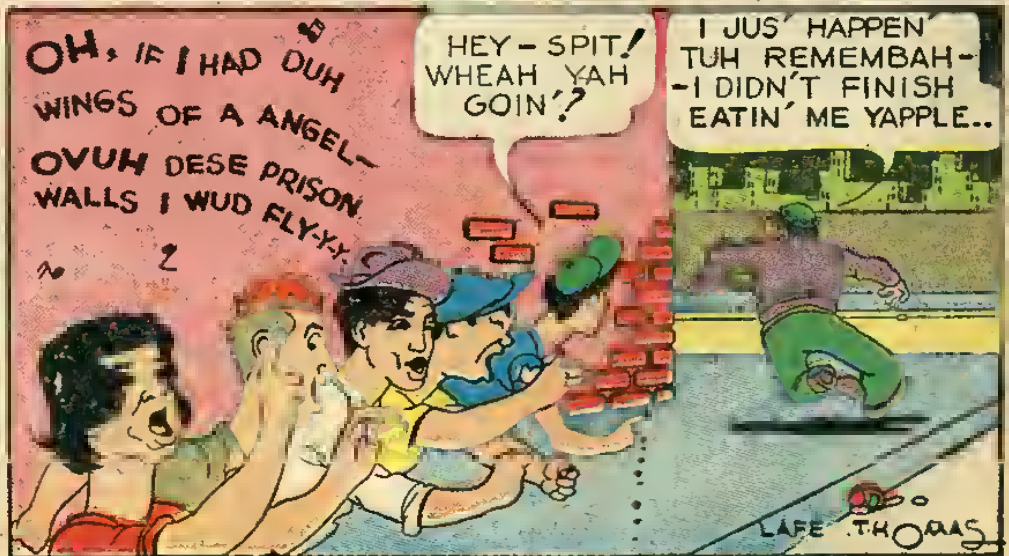


A VERY NICE JOB -  
CONGRATULATIONS,  
BOYS!

SIGNED 'AN SEALED  
- NOW YOU  
KIN  
DELIVER 'IM



**AFTER**  
LEAVING  
THE FIFTH-  
COLUMNISTS  
TO MELVIN  
SIVRUP AND  
THE POLICE  
THE KIDS GO  
HAPPILY  
ON THEIR  
WAY...



OH, IF I HAD DUH  
WINGS OF A ANGEL-  
OVUH DESE PRISON  
WALLS I WUD FLY-KY-

HEY - SPIT!  
WHEAH YAH  
GOIN'?

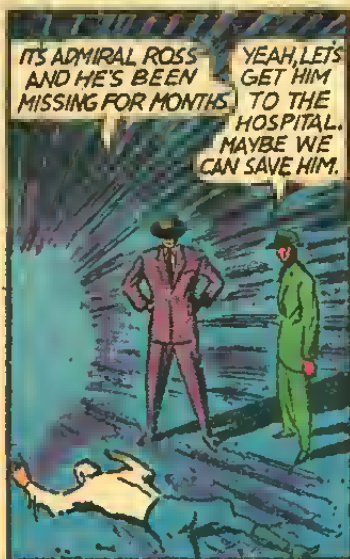
I JUS' HAPPEN  
TUH REMEMBAH-  
-I DIDN'T FINISH  
EATIN' ME YAPPLE..

LAFÉ THOMAS



# The HOODED WASP



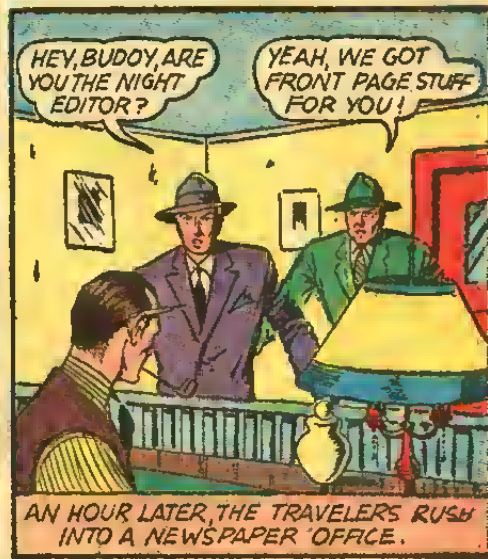


IT'S ADMIRAL ROSS  
AND HE'S BEEN  
MISSING FOR MONTHS.

YEAH, LET'S  
GET HIM  
TO THE  
HOSPITAL.  
MAYBE WE  
CAN SAVE HIM.



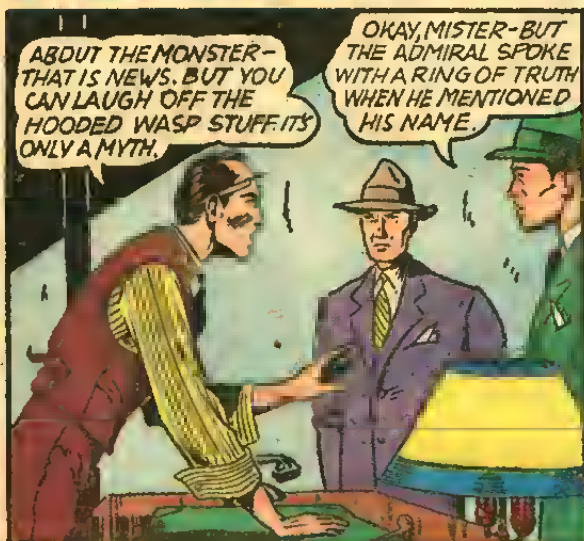
TOO LATE NOW-I'M DONE  
FOR. GET THE HOODED  
WASP-TELL HIM THE  
MONSTER HAS STRUCK  
AGAIN!



HEY, BUDDY, ARE  
YOU THE NIGHT  
EDITOR?

YEAH, WE GOT  
FRONT PAGE STUFF  
FOR YOU!

AN HOUR LATER, THE TRAVELERS RUSH  
INTO A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



ABOUT THE MONSTER-  
THAT IS NEWS. BUT YOU  
CAN LAUGH OFF THE  
HOODED WASP STUFF. IT'S  
ONLY A MYTH.

OKAY, MISTER-BUT  
THE ADMIRAL SPOKE  
WITH A RING OF TRUTH  
WHEN HE MENTIONED  
HIS NAME.



DID YOU HEAR THAT WASP?  
THIS MONSTER GUY SEEMS  
TO BE ON THE LEVEL.

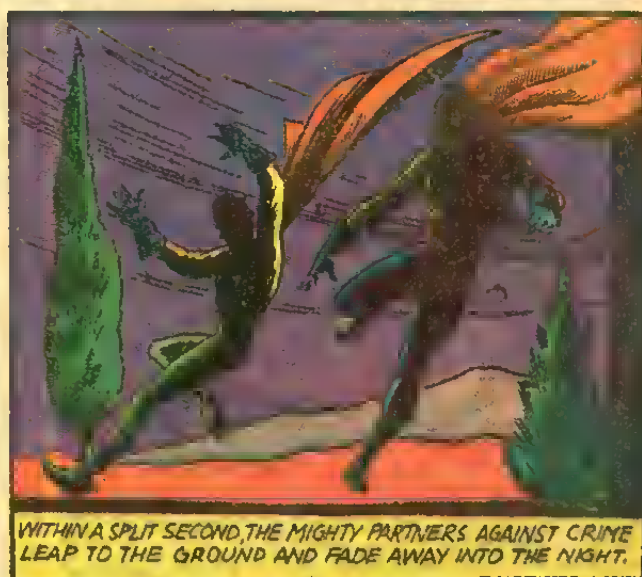
SO I HEARD, JIM. SOUNDS  
LIKE WE'RE ON TRAIL  
OF ANOTHER KILLER.

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE HOODED WASP AND  
YOUNG TIM MARTIN, STAND IN THE DARKENED HALLWAY.



ADMIRAL ROSS WAS  
AFREND OF MINE.  
SOMEONE'S GOING TO  
PAY FOR HIS DEATH!

THEN C'MON-LET'S  
GET GOING!



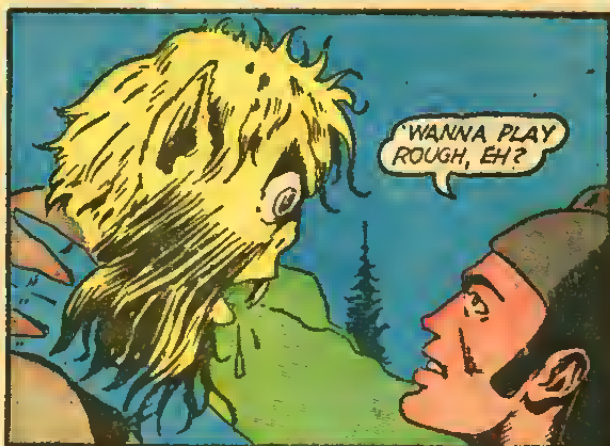
WITHIN A SPLIT SECOND, THE MIGHTY PARTNERS AGAINST CRIME  
LEAP TO THE GROUND AND FADE AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.







EVEN AS THE CREATURE HURLS ITSELF THROUGH THE AIR, THE FEARLESS HOODED WASP LEAPS FORWARD TO BATTLE.



'WANNA PLAY ROUGH, EH?



LOOK OUT--HE'S GOING TO CHARGE!

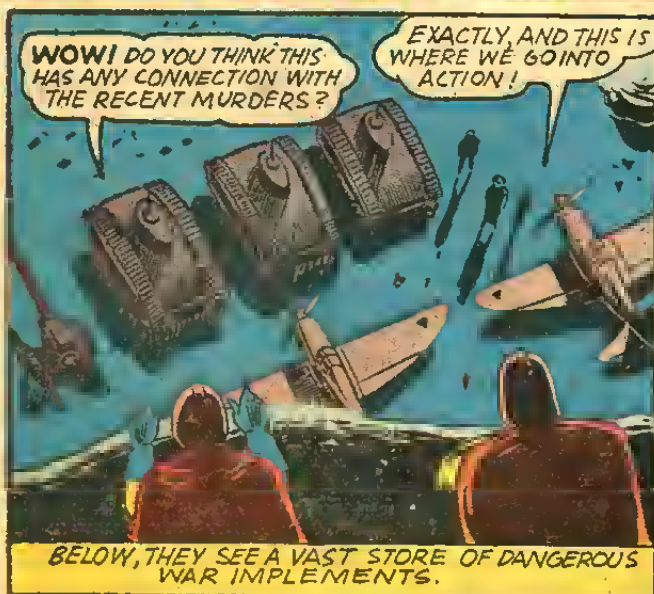


--AND AS THOUGH SOME GHOSTLY VOICE HAS CALLED FOR IT, THE CREATURE TURNS AND FADES INTO THE UNDERBRUSH.



A WEIRD HOWL DRIFTS THROUGH THE NIGHT, AND THE MONSTER STOPS IN ITS TRACKS.

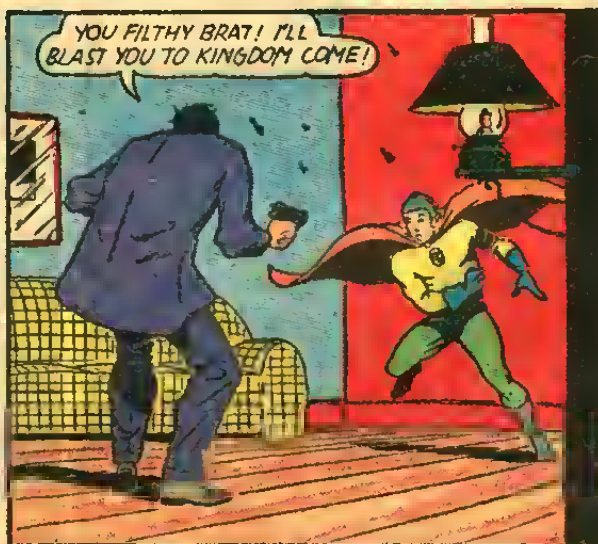
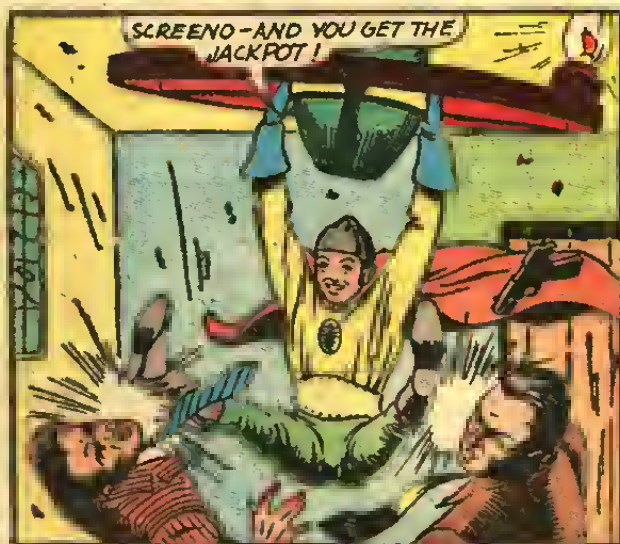
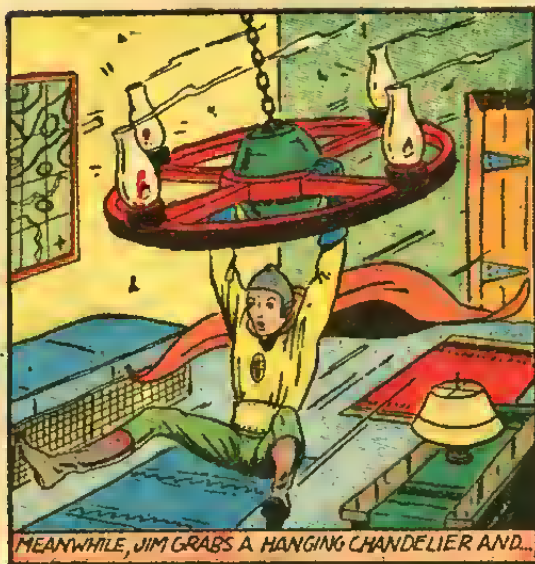


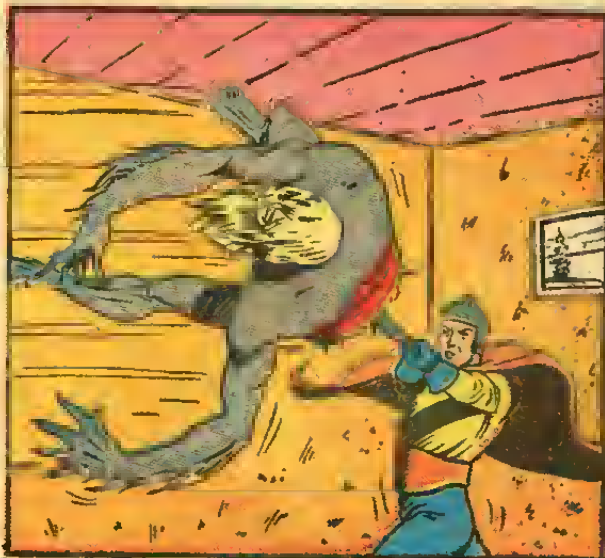
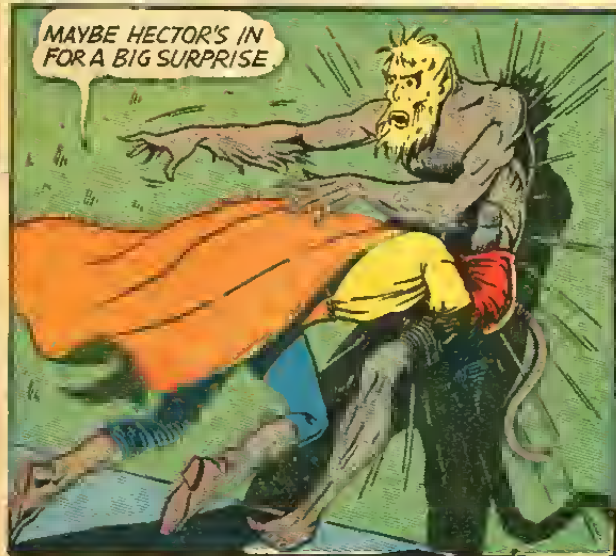
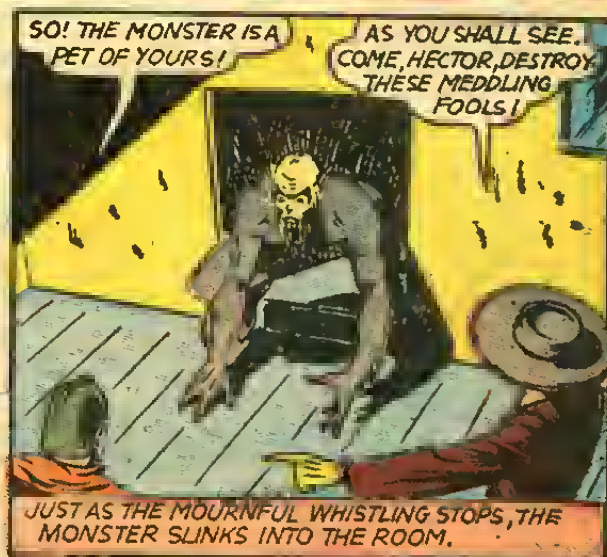
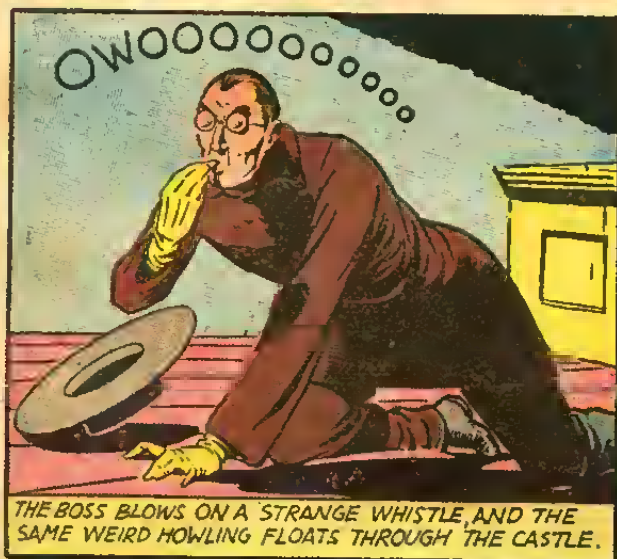




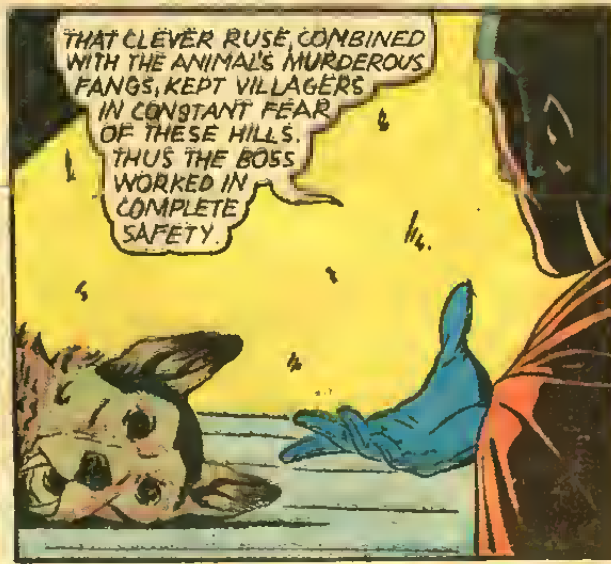
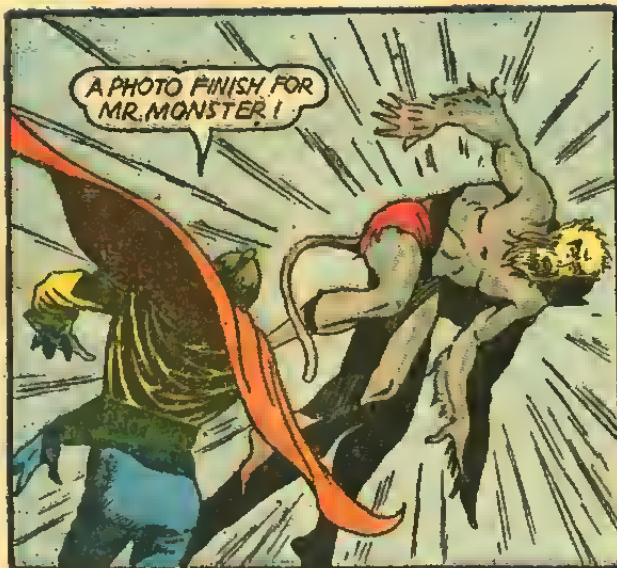


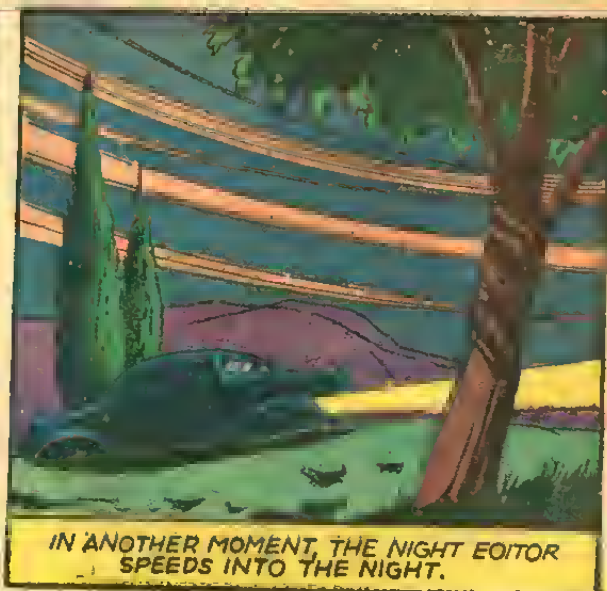
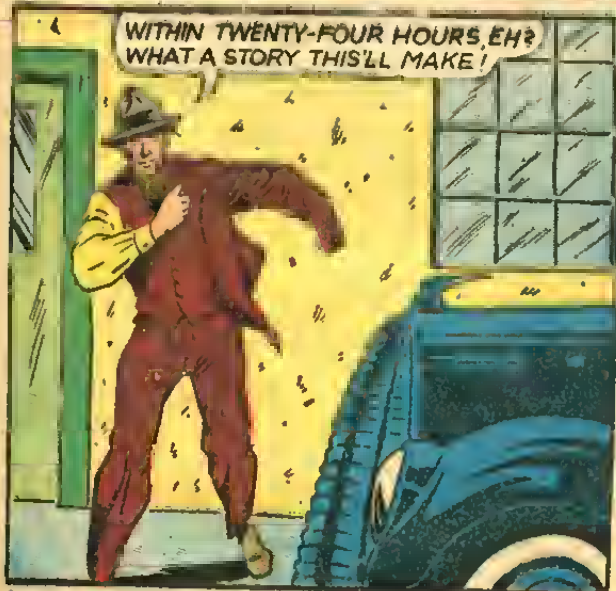




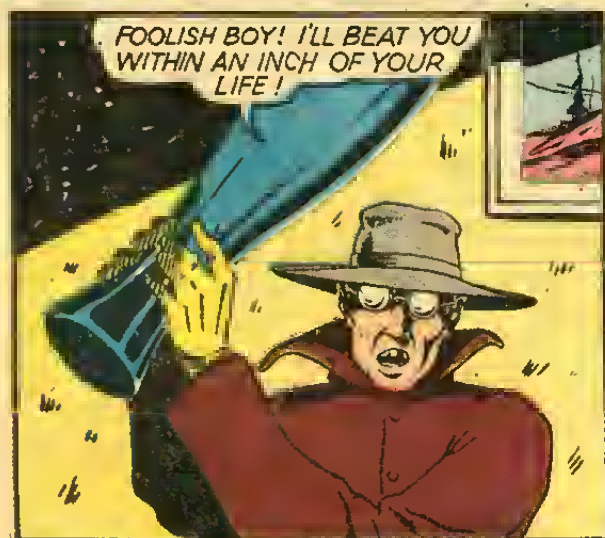
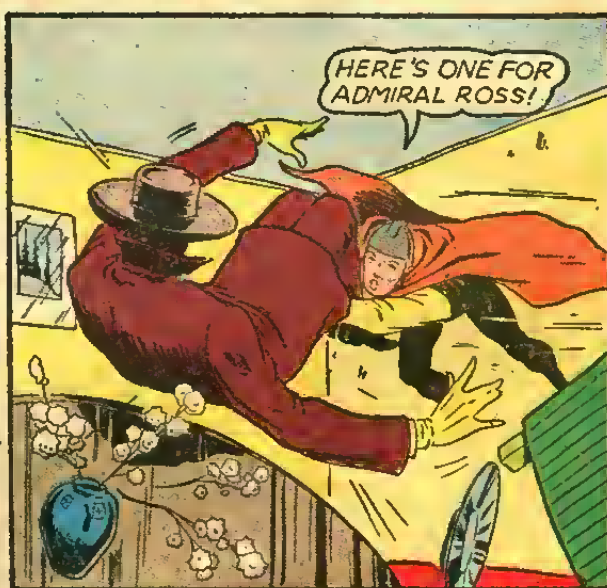














We have awarded the prizes for the names selected for the Hooded Wasp's assistant, but after considering all of the names we believe that Jim Martin is the best designation we can give this character—don't you?

*The Editor*



*Frank Reed's*

# IRON GHOST

SCENE:  
5TH COLUMN  
HEADQUARTERS  
IN NEW YORK  
CITY

GENTLEMEN, I HAF GLORIOUS NEWS FOR YOU! THE FADERLAND ISS READY TO CONQUER THE UNITED STATES! ONLY THE SCIENTIFIC GENIUS OF FRANK REED STANDS AS A MENACE - AND I, YON ZAROFF, SHALL TAKE CARE OF HIM PERSONALLY! THEN VICTORY ISS CERTAIN!

HEIL! HEIL!

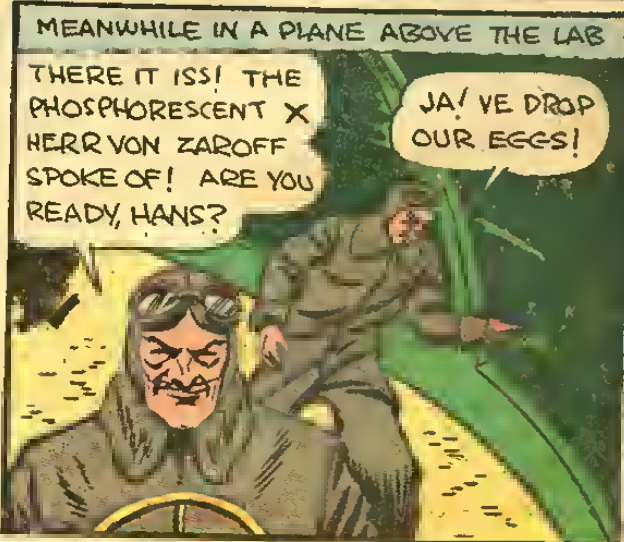
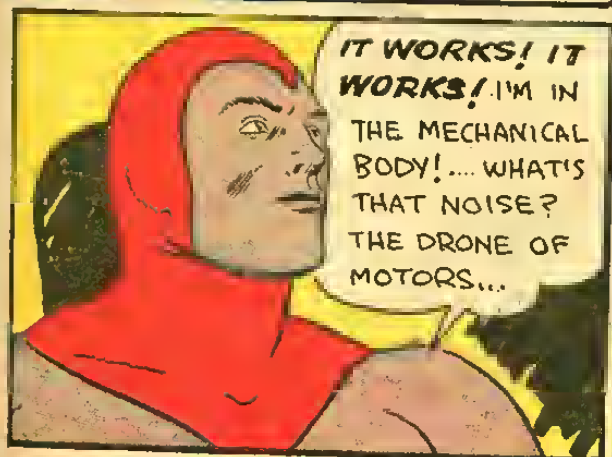
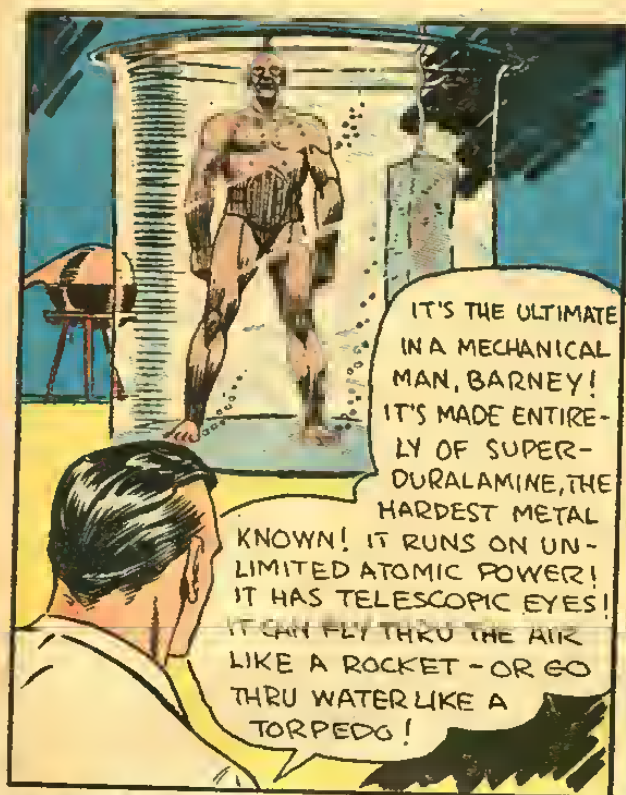
LATER THAT NIGHT ON THE ROOF  
OF FRANK REED'S LABORATORY

X MARKS THE SPOT  
IN PHOSPHORESCENT  
PAINT WHERE HERR  
FRANK REED VILL DIE!  
HA, HA, HA!

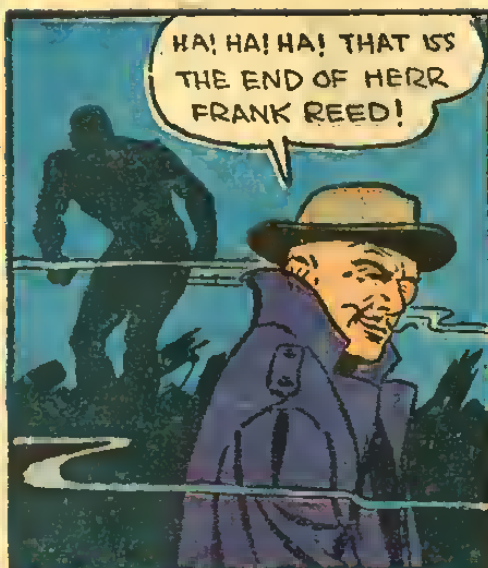
WHILE BENEATH THE ROOF FRANK REED IS  
EXPLAINING TO HIS FRIEND, BARNEY, HIS  
LATEST AND GREATEST INVENTION...

THERE IT IS, BARNEY, THE RESULT OF 5  
YEARS! CONFIDENTIALLY, I AM TURNING IT  
OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT FOR DEFENSE  
- OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS ARE  
AT THE BREAK-  
ING POINT!

BEJABBERS!  
WHAT IS  
THAT UNHOLY  
THING?







HA! HA! HA! THAT IS  
THE END OF HERR  
FRANK REED!



TONIGHT THE BLITZKREIG  
STARTS! IN VUN SHORT  
MONTH... **AWK!...**



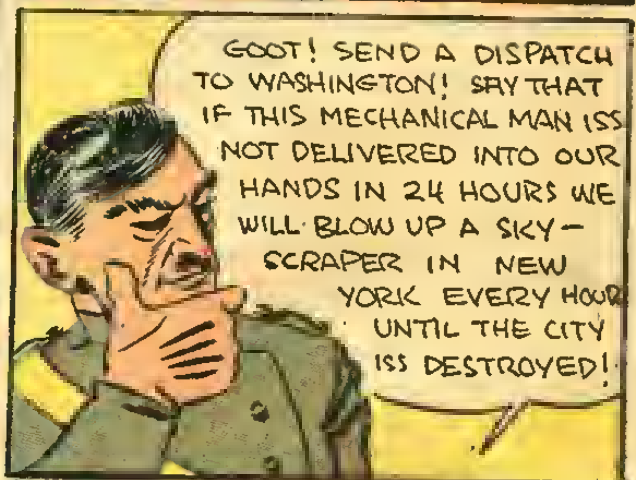
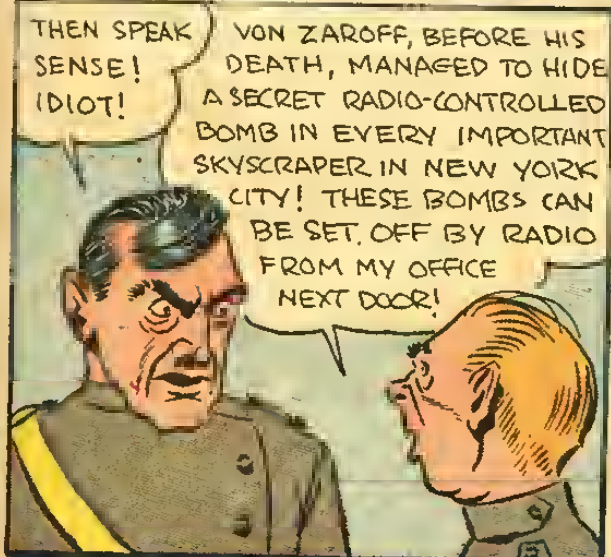
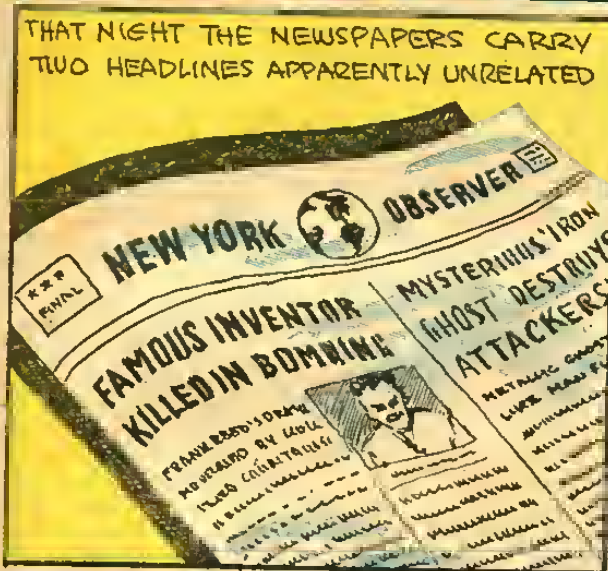
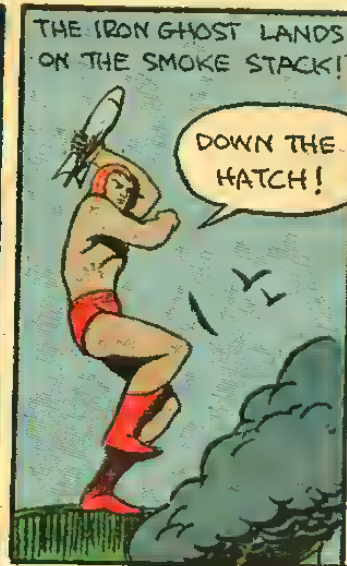
THAT RAT IS DEAD... BUT NOW  
WHAT? THE BODY OF FRANK  
REED IS UTTERLY DESTROYED  
AND I MUST INHABIT THIS  
MECHANICAL BODY FOREVER!  
HELLO! WHAT'S THAT? BOMBS  
DROPPING! NEW YORK CITY!



I'LL STAGE A  
BLITZKREIG OF  
MY OWN!



YOU WON'T BE  
NEEDING- THESE!



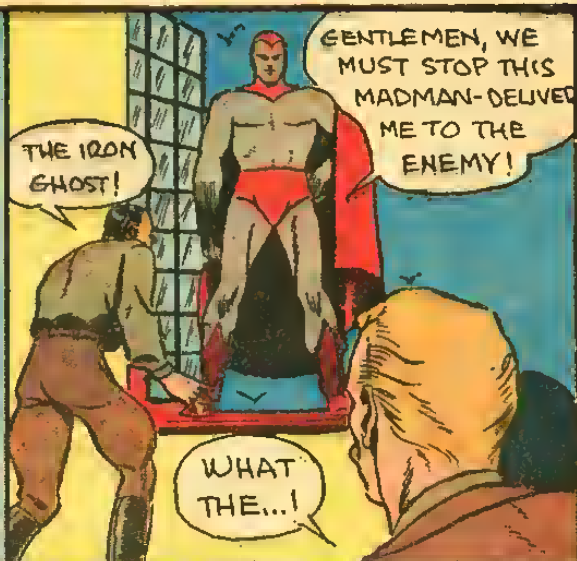


THE NEXT DAY AT 12 NOON  
THE HIGHSPIRE STATE  
BUILDING GOES UP IN A  
TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



AT ONE O'CLOCK  
THE CRISLER  
BUILDING  
EXPLODES...

AT 1:30 THE  
IRON GHOST  
PRESENTS  
HIMSELF AT  
U.S. ARMY  
HEAD-  
QUARTERS  
VIA THE  
WINDOW!



THE IRON  
GHOST!

GENTLEMEN, WE  
MUST STOP THIS  
MADMAN-DELIVER  
ME TO THE  
ENEMY!

WHAT  
THE...!

TWO DAYS LATER THE IRON GHOST IS  
BROUGHT BEFORE THE DICTATOR

MY CHEMISTS TELL ME YOU ARE MADE  
OF DURALAMINE, THEREFORE WE  
SHALL BIND YOU IN BANDS OF DUR-  
ALAMINE AND YOU WILL  
BE HELPLESS!



THAT NIGHT THE IRON GHOST SNAPS  
HIS BANDS LIKE PAPER!



GOOD THING DUR-  
ALAMINE ISN'T  
SUPER-DURALAMINE  
NOW FOR THAT  
RADIO!

OK FUEHRER! I'LL BE BACK  
FOR YOU WHEN I CLEAN  
YOUR RATS OUT OF  
AMERICA!

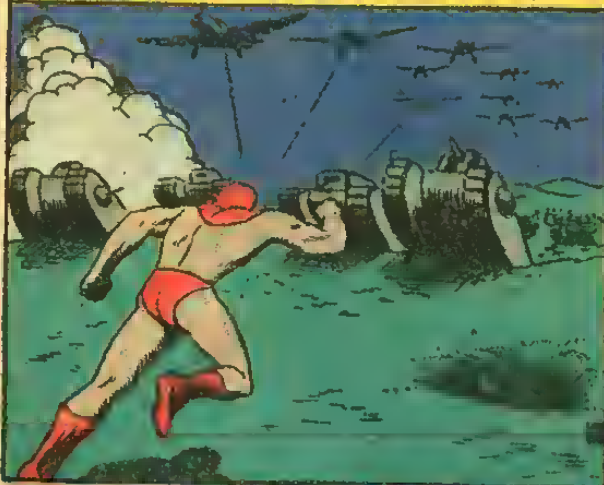


THE NEXT MORNING

DUMBKOPFS! FIX THAT  
RADIO CONTROL  
QUICK! AND BUILD  
ME A FORTRESS  
OF THIS SUPER-  
DURALAMINE!



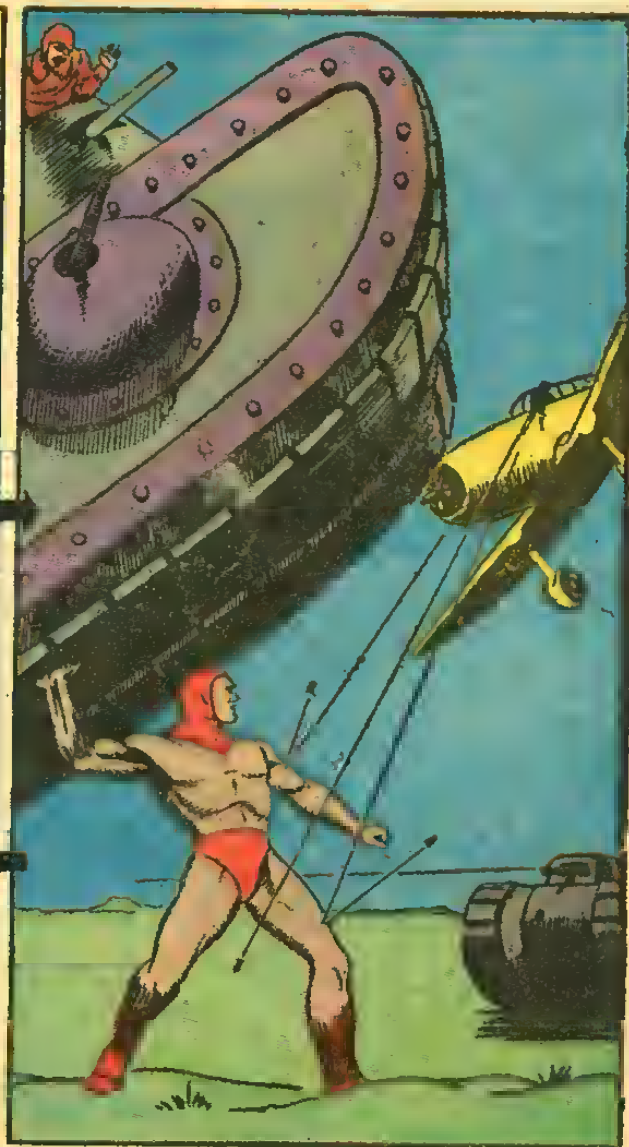
BACK IN AMERICA THE IRON GHOST  
CHARGES THE INVADING ARMIES!



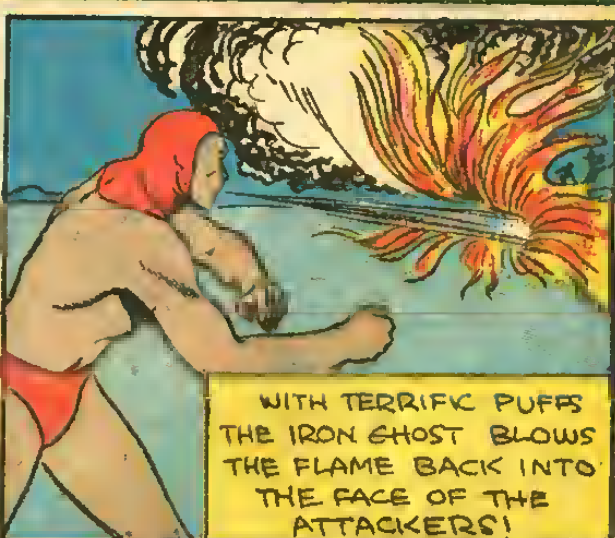
THAT'S THE END  
OF THEM! NOW  
FOR THE OTHER  
BATTLEFRONT!



USING FLAME-  
THROWERS!  
THE RATS!

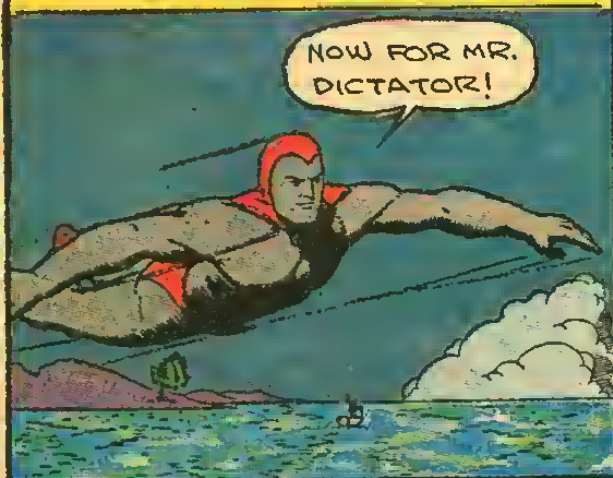


WITH TERRIFIC PUFFS  
THE IRON GHOST BLOWS  
THE FLAME BACK INTO  
THE FACE OF THE  
ATTACKERS!





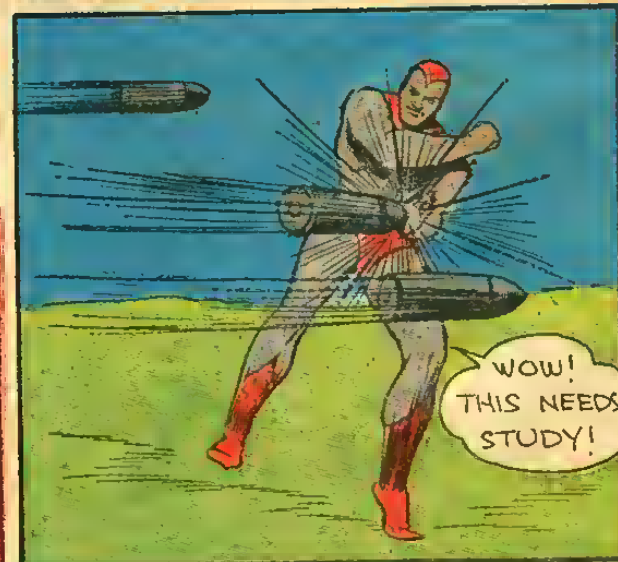
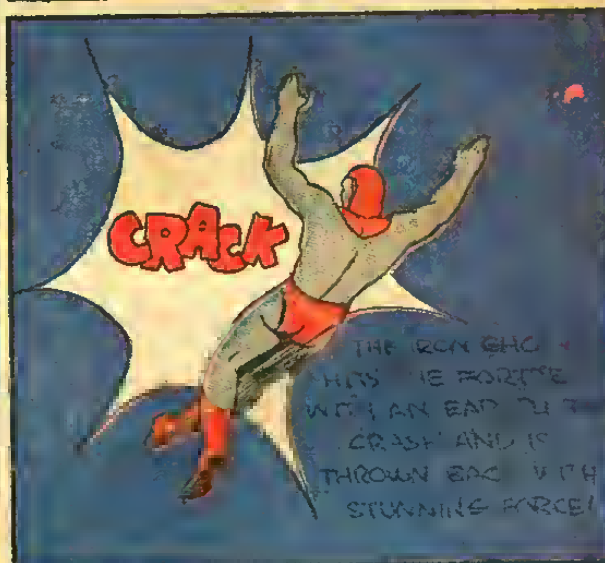
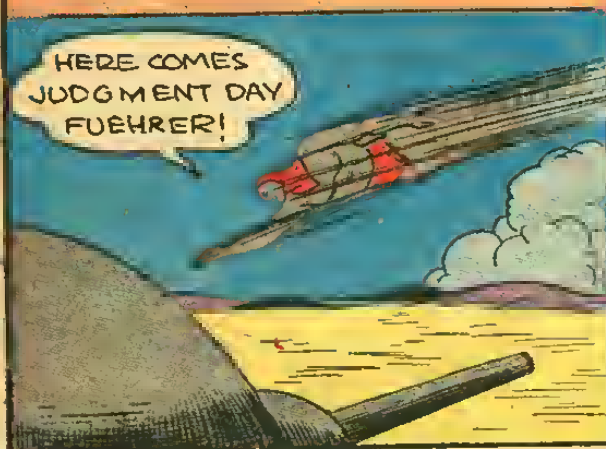
AFTER TWO WEEKS THE IRON GHOST SUCCEEDS IN WIPING OUT THE INVADERS!



IN THE MEANTIME THE DICTATOR HAS HAD HIS FORTRESS OF SUPERDURALAMINE BUILT.



JUST AS THE DICTATOR INSTALLS HIMSELF THE IRON GHOST COMES ROCKETING TOWARD THE FORTRESS!



THAT NIGHT A FIERCE ELECTRICAL  
STORM BREAKS OUT

LIGHTNING! WITH ALL THE  
FUEHRER'S SCIENTISTS THEY  
FORGOT THAT SIMPLE  
LITTLE GADGET-  
THE LIGHT-  
NING ROD!

NOW TO FIND  
A NICE JUICY  
BOLT OF  
LIGHTNING...  
AH! THERE'S  
ONE!

TAG!  
YOU'RE  
IT...

... AND FOLLOW  
THE LEADER!

SUPER-DURALAMINE  
SHELLS VE'LL MAKE!  
THEN... YEOOW...!

THE BOLT OF LIGHTNING  
SHOOTS THRU THE ALL-  
METAL FORTRESS-  
ELECTROCUTTING THE  
DICTATOR AND HIS  
HENCHMEN!

DAWN

... AND NOW, PERHAPS,  
PEACE MAY BLOSSOM  
AGAIN FROM THIS  
SHATTERED SOIL...





# GREASE JOB

By William G. Bogart

**H**IS sheepskin coat collar turned up against the bite of the late-fall air, Steve Lacey gunned the motorcycle and headed south along Route 212.

The cold air crept in around the corners of Steve's big goggles and watered his eyes. His regulation State trooper's hat flapped with the cutting wind.

North of Tony's place, he brought his heel down on the clutch pedal and dropped into neutral. Then his gray eyes were suddenly frowning behind the heavy goggles, as he stared ahead. The welcome sight of the big illuminated sign, that designated Tony's garage and service station was missing. Steve wondered why?

Every dollar counted, the friendly, garage owner had said. And Tony never minded the long hours. Night after night, there was always the cheerful welcome of the lighted sign.

Steve thought; "No light—no coffee!" And there wasn't another place within miles.

Then he heard the single shot that was like the crack of a whip on the cool, clear air.

Steve Lacey's big hands tightened on the control grips. That shot had come from inside Tony's place—though there wasn't a light turned on. Damned funny!

Steve was just braking for a fast stop, when the man darted out of the garage door and made a quick-sneak toward the rear of the single-story building. For just an instant, the headlight revealed the sneaking figure. And then the man was gone.

The rear wheel of the motorcycle slewed to the side as Steve slammed the brake on hard. Swiftly leaning the machine against the gas pumps, he raced after the stranger.

He was aware, even as he did so, that one set of garage doors was open and that there was a car parked just inside. And he caught something else—a man's groan from inside the service station.

He knew then. Holdup! And that guy was trying to escape, having been surprised at his job by the appearance of the motorcycle!

Steve Lacey had his gun unholstered and in his fist as he lunged past the corner of the white-painted building. Ahead, somewhere in the gloom, underbrush crackled as a man's feet plodded through the nearby woods.

Steve yelled, "Halt!" and followed.

He was just at the edge of the woods when the gun cracked and a slug whined past him. He went to his knees, waited for the second. If he could catch the flash of gun flame—

The shot came, but he saw nothing. The fellow was firing from some place of concealment within the woods. But the second shot was closer, dangerously so!

Steve waited, down on one knee, his own .45 ready. He held his breath and waited.

And after long, tense moments, he thought that perhaps the gunman was pulling a silent escape beneath the protection of the trees.

He raised up, gun-held ready, and started quietly forward.

The gunman must have been waiting, for he brought the gun butt down on Steve Lacey's skull in the second that Steve suspected the trick.

For the tall, lanky trooper's arm flung upward and partly warded off the killing blow. As it was, the weapon caught him alongside the ear, and he stumbled and fell to his knees.

Steve heard the running footsteps, even as he swayed to his feet and tried to keep his senses.

He still clung to his gun and started to follow. He heard the roar of an automobile motor. A car shot past the front of the service station, careened out onto the highway and headed north.

Steve Lacey snapped up his .45 and fired a quick shot. But he knew, even as he squeezed the trigger, that there was little chance of the bullet finding its mark.

And in the next second, perhaps having heard the shot, the driver switched off the headlights and continued down the road in darkness.

Steve leaped toward his motorcycle—and drew up short. Tony!

He was inside in a moment, switching on the lights, and crumpled in the small office doorway. He saw the rotund, stocky figure of the good-natured station owner.

The gunman's slug must have caught Tony in the chest. He was holding his hand against the wound, and there was also crimson on his lips, and you could tell at a glance that he was dying.

Steve bent down quickly. He had noted, even as he plunged into the garage, that the car that had been parked near the doors was missing. It was the machine that the gunman had used in his escape.

"Tony—"

The wounded man's eyes flickered. They lost a little of their stare.

"Who was the guy?" Steve Lacey asked.

"Just... finished grease job. He... came in!"

"Whose car was it? What make was it?"

Gently, Steve Lacey supported the man's head.

"It was... was—" Tony tried to gasp. Then, abruptly, he stiffened and pressed his hand deep into his chest.

He died there against the trooper's arm.

Steve straightened. He stepped, past the dead man, into the office. Swiftly, he was putting through a call to the barracks, telling about the holdup. The cash register, rifled and open, was near the phone.

After his report, he hung up, took one glance at his dead friend, shook his head grimly and hurried outside to his machine.

Steve had a tankful of gas. He could overtake the killer in the next twenty miles between here and Weston!

Shortly, he was roaring through the night, the pain in his head forgotten as the cold, sharp air made his brain trigger-sharp. The speedometer needle crept up to seventy—seventy-five, hovered there.

He passed two trucks, a station wagon. But no sign of the car that had been stolen from the garage. Only one thing he was sure of: he was certain it had been a sedan, five-passenger, and either dark-blue or black. A hell of a lot of help that was!

He covered fifteen miles at tremendous speed—and didn't pass a car that even came near the description.

And four minutes later, when he rolled into the outskirts of Weston, he knew damned well that the killer car could not be ahead of him now. No automobile could have negotiated the hills and have kept up such a speed.

Steve slowed, remembering that Bob Nelson, the State trooper assigned to the Weston Township district, should be around some place. He rolled through the single main thoroughfare of the village and watched for Nelson's motorcycle.

And he found it parked, up on the stand, in front of the dining car located in the middle of the town. A moment later, Steve Lacey was inside the eating place and talking to the trooper. Briefly, he told of the murder, of the stranger

who had escaped this way in the stolen car. He finished with:

"But the guy couldn't have reached here." Steve's eyes were like flickering steel chips. "And so I'm going back. I'm going to find where he turned off. Only thing I know of are two side roads that end at farmhouses."

Going out of the diner, he added brief directions. "You stay right here in town, fella. Stop any car that comes through from the south. Philipsville is already blocked. That guy's somewhere in this twenty-mile stretch!"

A moment later, Steve was roaring southward again, recalling that the first side road was about eight miles from here. It led up to Walt Devlin's place.

When Steve Lacey reached the spot, he stopped, pulled his bike up on the stand and examined the dirt of the narrow side road.

But there were no fresh tracks in the road. No car had been in, or out of, Walt's place today!

Steve went back to his machine and started up again. His blocky jaw was grim. That left the other side road, two miles south, the winding lane up into the Turner farm.

More than once, Steve, during the long nights, had clocked the distance from the Turner road into Tony's Garage. It was exactly nine and a half miles.

He arrived there less than two minutes later. Using his flashlight, he checked the dirt road as he had done the first. And there, in the moist, claylike earth, he saw tire tracks that had been made since last night. A single set of tracks, showing that a car had gone in to Turner's!

Suddenly tense, Steve swung his machine up the narrow, curving road. Perhaps he was being too hopeful, but this was the last possibility of finding the killer. He couldn't think of any other place the man could have gone.

He followed the upgrade of the road, proceeded perhaps an eighth of a mile, when he saw a light in the farmhouse on his left. The road ended in the driveway leading back to the large barn behind the Turner house. There was a car parked well back in the drive.

Steve parked his bike and walked toward the house. He knew that the pound of the bike's powerful twin motor must have been heard. If no one came out to meet him, then he could figure that something was wrong—

But they did! Old man Turner was standing there in the front doorway, looking out, and as Steve Lacey reached the porch, the gray-haired farmer called out, "Who is it?"

Lacey stepped up into the rectangle of light coming from within the hall. Tall, somewhat gaunt, Turner immediately recognized him. He said, "Oh, it's you, Mr. Lacey."

Before Steve could reply, there was another man standing beside the elderly farmer.

Old Turner said: "This is an old friend of mine, Steve. Just dropped in tonight. Is there something wrong?" The farmer, apparently, had noted the trooper's alert attitude.



"Looking for a guy," said Lacey. "Mind if I come in a minute? Like to say hello to the missus."

Turner and his dark-haired friend stepped aside as Lacey came into the hallway. They followed him into the dining room, where there was evidence that the farmer and his friend had been eating. Though three places were set at the table, there was no sign of Mrs. Turner.

Steve turned around, his eyes questioning, and old Turner immediately said: "Maud ain't feeling so well. She went to bed early."

Steve said, "That's too bad," but was thinking of something else even as he spoke. For his sharp, though apparently casual, glance had noted something about the table. One plate had been cleared. On the other two, the food was practically untouched.

The dark-haired stranger said, "You say you're looking for somebody?"

"Yeah."

The stranger said: "Well, we haven't heard anyone around here tonight. But if you want to take a look outside, around the barn or—"

Steve nodded. "Let's," he said.

There was one thing Lacey had noticed. And that was that the dark-haired stranger stuck close to old Turner. Was it some sort of threat, so that Turner wouldn't say anything?

But if this fellow was his man, Steve would be risking the old farmer's life if he attempted to seize the man in here. And so he started outside, trying to think of some way to make the stranger tip his hand—if he were the guilty party.

The stranger followed close behind Lacey, old Turner right beside him. Steve went to his motorcycle and got his flashlight.

Heading toward the car parked back near the big barn, Steve asked casually, "You came down through Weston tonight?"

"That's right."

Steve Lacey studied the car. It was a sedan, of good make.

As though he might be checking, in order to make certain that no one was hiding in the car, Lacey opened a rear door and looked inside. He shrugged and stepped up to the front door, on the driver's side. He opened it and flashed his light around inside.

And suddenly he tensed.

Steve knew now; he had the killer! But if he made one false move—

He turned, his right arm bumping the door opening. The light was knocked from his hand, bouncing off the running board. He started to murmur, "Damn—" and bent down.

But he straightened with his .45 in his right fist, and he ordered sharply, "Look out, Turner!"

The stranger held a gun, too, and he snarled, "Cute, eh?" and fired.

But the trooper had figured on the movement. Even as the fellow fired, Steve had gone into a

sidewise lunge, knocking Turner out of the way.

The trooper's first shot caught the man in the hip, just grazing the skin, but it was enough to throw the gunman off balance. And Steve Lacey's second shot slapped the gun right out of the man's hand.

Screaming, the fellow grabbed his wounded arm, whirled and plunged around the back of the car.

Steve Lacey leaped after him, caught up with the man a dozen paces away, went into a flying tackle and brought the killer to the ground.

Steve yanked the man to his feet, slapped handcuffs on one wrist, half dragged him back to the car and flung him upon the back seat. He snapped the second handcuff over the steel robe rail.

Turner was climbing to his feet. He gasped, "He drove up here a little while ago. He wanted something to eat. Maud and I figured from his actions that he was running away from something. . . Again then, when he heard the motorcycle coming up the road—"

Steve nodded. "He forced you to pretend he was a friend?"

"Yes! He tied Maud and put a gag in her mouth. He was afraid she might say something. All the time we were there in the house, he had his hand near his coat, ready to pull his gun. I didn't know what to do!"

Steve said: "I'll be back, Turner. But first I've got to take this killer to town."

"Killer!" The old farmer looked horrified.

Briefly, Steve Lacey explained about the holdup and the death of Tony.

The captive inside the car screamed out: "Listen, you ain't got a thing on me! You can't prove that I was anywhere near the place!"

Old Turner gave the trooper a questioning look, as though he, too, wondered how Steve Lacey knew the stranger was the man he sought.

And so, as he swung into the driver's seat, Lacey held the door open so that the farmer could see. He flashed his light on that part of the body frame that was hidden when the driver's door was ordinarily closed.

He said: "It's just as good as though this rat had left his footprints all the way from Tony's Garage to here. It's exactly two tenths of a mile over nine and a half miles out here from that service station. And that's what the speedometer shows has been added to the mileage. Right to the dot!"

The trooper pointed to the sticker. It read:

TONY'S GARAGE  
Greased at: 24,430 miles  
Date: Oct. 1, 1940

"Yeah," the trooper commented coldly, "poor Tony was always one for methodical work. He put that mileage sticker on here when he finished the job tonight, even to adding the date. I hope he knows, from where he is now, that he even greased the skids for this killer when he did that grease job"

THE END.

# THE LIFE STORY

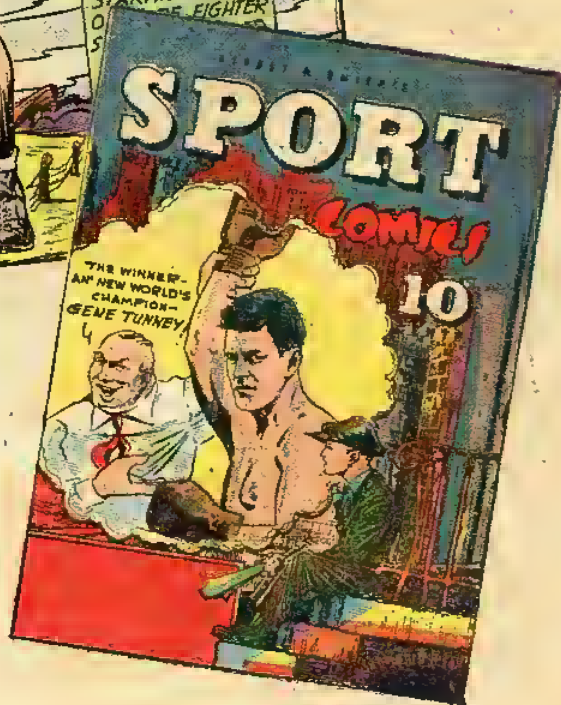
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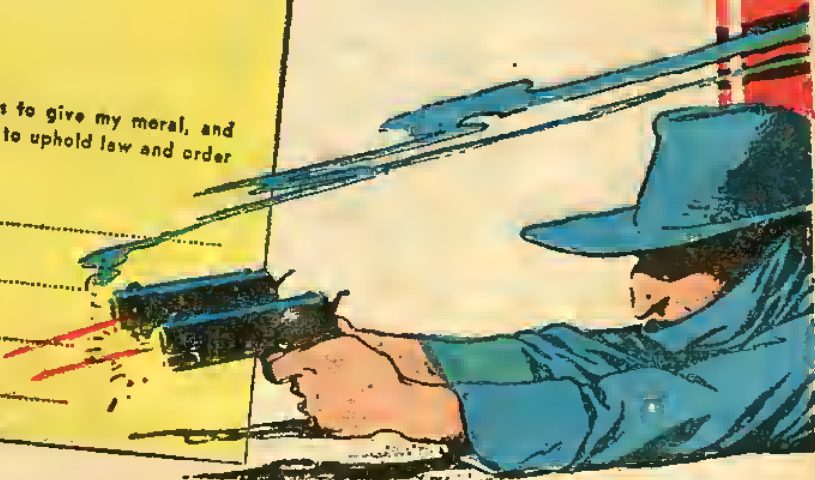
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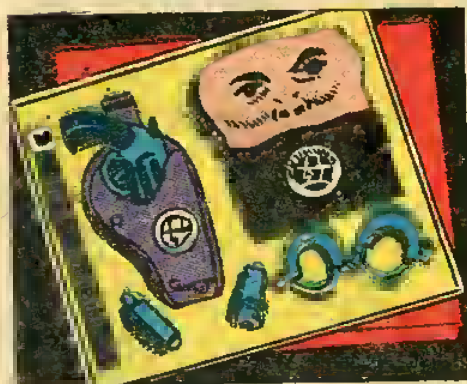
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 THE TAKE!

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